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THE CRISIS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

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A GREAT crisis in international affairs is approaching. England and her allies, among whom is the United States, are facing a situation quite as grave as when the first ships of the Spanish Armada entered the Channel or when Napoleon's fleet had swept the Mediterranean, eluded Nelson, and landed the French army in Egypt. No less a man than Lord Roberts has publicly declared that England has never been in a position of greater peril, and the Leader of the Opposition solemnly affirmed the truth of this opinion in debate in the House of Commons. It is, in fact, almost farcical to speak and write of the probability of war. In reality, the struggle for supremacy is already well under way. Yet, a month ago, the only military movements were the lazy and unopposed manœuvres of a few Italian regiments in an African desert and the mock bombardment of the Dardanelles by a few torpedo boats, which, like the famous King of France and all his men, sailed cautiously into the Straits and out again in solemn triumph. Indeed, it is difficult to make the average man believe that anything of consequence is occurring where every aspect of affairs that meets his eye is so utterly devoid of dramatic intensity and so absolutely lacking in every attribute of war as the poets have sung it. Nevertheless, in this gigantic game, the very pawns are kingdoms and the control of the world itself the stake; so vast are the forces at the disposal of the combatants, that navies and armies might almost be called incidental factors which it may or may not be necessary to employ and which might not indeed be decisive for victory or defeat.

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The Tripolitan war has turned out to be a boomerang. It was meant to bind Italy tightly to England and France by allowing her to realize her cherished ambition and take possession of the fertile fields of the wealthiest province of ancient Rome. For more than a generation they had denied it to her and now they saw vital reasons for granting her repeated requests. The Italian navy, added to the French navy, would, for years to come, so far preponderate over the Austrian and Turkish fleets, that the English Mediterranean squadron could be practically withdrawn. Thus, a considerable and immediate increase of strength could be made to the English Channel fleet without essentially endangering the security of the allies' control in the Mediterranean. Italy's position, flanking the Adriatic, would make Austrian control of that sea improbable and hence would effectively eliminate the possibility of an attack by the latter's fleet from the rear of Malta upon the English lines of communication with Egypt and India; the possession of Sicily and Sardinia would give added security to the lines of defence centring at Malta and thus would completely shield from direct attack the posts of the allies in the western Mediterranean. Indeed, while the alliance lasted, no rival fleet could possibly find a basis of operations. Further, while Tripoli remained in the hands of the Turk, who was only too obviously falling into the clutches of Germany and Austria, the occupation of Tripoli by Germany would be a possibility than which nothing could be worse; for then both Egypt and Tunis would be outflanked. Italy, though weak, was nevertheless, unlike Turkey, no third rate Power whose desires and prerogatives could be disregarded or invaded at will. Once in her possession, thought the English, that province would be placed in the hands of one of the great Powers and could only fall into German hands after a struggle in which Italy's active participation would be assured. Tripoli would thus bind Italy to the Anglo-French alliance by the solid chains of self-interest.

So much was clearly true: none doubted it, least of all the Italians. Their expectations, however, were grievously disappointed. They had expected to put forward some technical *casus belli,* to make a prompt show of force, resulting in the occupation of Tripoli after some slight Turkish resistance, and

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then to receive title to the coveted territory by a treaty of peace whose terms England and France would arrange to the satisfaction of the three conspirators. The first obstacle appeared where none had been expected—from the Turk, who obstinately refused to countenance the loss of the territory and publicly called upon England and France to redeem the pledges of protection in the existing treaties. True to their promises to Italy, both Governments replied that the moment was inopportune for intervention. But to everyone's astonishment, it immediately became clear that neither England nor France was in a position to fulfil the rest of the compact with Italy. Secretly to coerce the Turk by the methods so long successful, by threatening to refuse further loans or to leave him to the mercy of Russia, was now out of the question, they found, because German money and promises had practically usurped the place officially accorded to England and France by the treaties. Openly to assist Italy was also out of the question. The hostility of the native races in Tripoli to the proposed arrangement was only too promptly made manifest, and so high ran the flames of Muslim indignation, and so widespread was the sympathy in Egypt and Morocco, that the union of all the Muslims in the North African littoral against the Infidel in a new holy war was for some weeks a possibility. The open support of Italy by England and France, thought keen observers, would be the signal for its outbreak. Such a contingency could not be risked, even to gain a great deal more than either nation expected to lose if Italy did not at once secure undisputed possession of Tripoli. England also became aware of a serious ferment among the thronging Muslims in India, roused by their resentment of her agreement with Russia for crushing the nascent independence of Persia; and she at once realized the paramount importance of avoiding further ill feeling by refraining at all costs from a direct attack upon the Sultan himself, the Head of the Mohammedan religion. England and France, therefore, promptly declined to put the expected diplomatic pressure upon Turkey, and Italy found herself committed to a war, which military critics agreed would be costly even if not prolonged, and whose outcome was by no means a foregone conclusion. This prospect was anything but pleasing to

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a Ministry already tired of meeting extensive deficits. Indeed, the Italians had expected to find the sales of land and a brisk trade between the colony and the mother country productive directly and indirectly of enough revenue to relieve the existing stringency in the national finances. The certainty that actual conquest by the sword would so embitter the natives as to make the government of Tripoli expensive and difficult for years to come, only made their disappointment the keener at finding the new possession already a liability instead of an asset. The Italians were in a very real dilemma, from which their allies were afraid to extricate them for fear of raising the whirlwind in their own possessions.

Under these circumstances, with such calamities expected and such hopes unfulfilled, the Italians were in a mood to listen to whispered counsels from the Wilhelmstrasse. Italy obviously wanted to obtain possession of Tripoli, said the Germans, without the delay and expense of conquest and the certain aftermath of native hatred; England and France were powerless to secure it for her. Germany, on the other hand, was in a position to promise her not only Tripoli, but Tunis, and even more if Italy would return to the old Triple Alliance. England and France, the Germans pointed out, claimed control of the whole North African littoral except Tripoli, of many islands in the Mediterranean, and practically of Greece and the Ægean. But their failure to decide the fate of Tripoli revealed the astounding truth that their boasted strength was a figment of the imagination. So far were they from really controlling the Mediterranean that its conquest would be only a question of time once Italy threw in her lot with Germany and Austria. Their united endeavors would enable them easily to rob England and France of anything they claimed to possess. Where there was so much to gain, would not a fair chance for victory be well worth a good deal of risk? And was not the certainty of victory obvious?

The English naval posts were, of course, it was asserted, nothing but bases for action by her fleet, and the key to the whole sea was Malta, not Gibraltar. Malta taken, they would be at once thrown back upon Minorca and Bizerta; their possessions in the Central Mediterranean would fall; and their communica-

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tions with Suez and India would be broken. All this an alliance between Italy, Germany, and Austria could accomplish without the striking of a blow. Austria and Italy together would control the Adriatic beyond a peradventure and attack Malta from the front; a fleet operating from Naples and Messina could at once isolate Malta, by a simultaneous attack in the rear. Once this became possible the key of the English defence would lose most of its strength. Then a great naval station could be constructed on the Tripolitan coast from which the approaches to Egypt, Suez, and Constantinople could be absolutely controlled. Nor would this be a question of future gains. It would become an immediate fact. By this single shift of Italy from one side to the other, the strategic positions on which England and France had based their defence of the Mediterranean would be vastly weakened, if not destroyed, and the naval force, which they had believed overwhelmingly preponderant, reduced to a bare equality which made offensive movements impossible and rendered the success of defensive movements problematical. Not a lira need be spent, not a life sacrificed to make the conquest of the Mediterranean an eminently feasible operation and to strike a more deadly blow at English naval supremacy than it had suffered since the Seven Years' War.

This position, already commanding, could then easily be made impregnable under cover of the very war which Italy had come to regard as so unfortunate. To its prosecution, England and France had lent public countenance; they had even formally declined to assist the Turk. They would, therefore, be unable to oppose the seizure by Italy of every island and strategic point in the eastern Mediterranean which acknowledged a nominal sovereignty to the Sultan. Thus the coveted Rhodes, the great island of Cyprus, the islands of the Ægean controlling the channel to Constantinople, could all be occupied under cover of this most fortunate war, and a strategic control of the eastern Mediterranean could be actually secured without danger and without cost which under other circumstances could not even have been attempted without precipitating a general European war. Under cover of the war with the natives, the new allies would fortify the Tripolitan coast, create naval stations, build railroads and

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military posts in the interior and along the frontiers, and thus actually equip a base of military operations in Africa in the most advantageous spot they could have selected had they been allowed an unrestricted choice. From it they would threaten Suez, Malta, and Tunis at the same time with the same force. The fear of a German naval station at Agadir had almost caused a European war; and here the allies would be able actually to create a complete naval and military base in the very heart of the enemy's possessions without striking a blow and without danger of receiving one. Such substantial and probable accomplishments would be thought the worthy fruits of a hard-fought and costly war, and here they could actually be had for nothing! Nor could England and France meet the crisis merely by a rearrangement of their existing forces. For them to attempt interference when their naval forces could be made numerically strong enough to insure victory in the Mediterranean only by so weakening the forces in the English Channel as to court disaster at home, would be to risk everything which they could lose even by actual defeat in a great war. They would be forced to create new bases and new ships, and to do so faster than Germany, Italy, and Austria could increase the navies they already possessed. Then, when the victory had been won and the Mediterranean snatched from England and France, what a vast booty would there be to divide! The Italians could not fail to gain more from such a *débâcle* than from robbing the impoverished and enfeebled Turk of such lands as England and France would grudgingly permit them to seize.

The Italians were quick to appreciate the magnitude of the opportunity and promptly embraced it. The results have more than fulfilled even the sanguine expectations of the allies. The Italian navy bombarded a few forts and sank a Turkish vessel or two, purely to maintain the appearance of a war, and then seized island after island in the Ægean—Rhodes, long considered the key to the eastern Mediterranean, Lemnos, Chios, and others. So confident of success were the Italians that they everywhere assured the inhabitants that the occupation was no mere military measure, but would be permanent. From Crete, if it obtains the autonomy the Cretans desire, the allies will un-

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doubtedly demand possession of its harbors as naval bases. Their development, the fortification of the Tripolitan coast, and the use of both as field bases for an Austro-Italian fleet operating from the Adriatic will surely rob Malta of all practical importance and might even make necessary its abandonment. The loss of Malta's strategic significance robs England's defence of its keystone and compels a complete rearrangement of her naval dispositions.

Obviously, the consent of England and France to this *status quo* by their ratification of or acquiescence in a treaty with Turkey permitting the cessation of formal war and allowing Italy to hold what she already had occupied, would be desirable. The value of the war as a cover for aggressive movements and for military and naval preparations would not be lost, for it could be reopened at any time under color of some alleged breach of the treaty. To give England, France, and their ally, Russia, some practical reason for consenting to the arrangement, the brilliant expedient was adopted of bombarding the Turkish forts in the Dardanelles. The Turks promptly closed the straits and the whole trade of England, France, and Russia with the Black Sea was thus stopped for weeks. The heavy demurrage fees for the ships detained, the breaking of contracts and complete disorganization of the whole shipping schedule, as well as the perceptible effect produced by the non-arrival of the regular grain shipments, which form one of the most considerable sources of English supply, caused, as was intended, serious inconvenience to many individuals, who, as was expected, put pressure on their respective Governments to bring about some settlement between the belligerents. The scheme, however, failed of the ultimate result hoped for, though it was a brilliant success in showing England, France, and Russia how soon they could be made to feel the loss of the control of Constantinople and to how great an extent their position was already imperilled.

Meanwhile, the new allies proceeded with the execution of the complementary details of the scheme. The German, Austrian, and Italian naval programmes were at once enlarged. With the proposed German fleet nearly equal in number to the proposed English Channel squadron and the Austro-Italian fleet

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actually the equal of the entire French battleship fleet, an increased activity of building is expected in a couple of years to give the allies a substantial superiority in both the Mediterranean and the German Ocean. The German railway facilities along the Belgian and French frontiers are being rapidly improved; the Austrian army put more nearly on a war footing and its equipment modernized; the Italian army at home prepared to "reinforce" the army "in Tripoli." Work on the section of the Bagdad railroad already under construction is being actively pushed and extensive plans have been made for the immediate promotion of the work on the last section. It would be a calamity of the first magnitude if the moment for concerted action should arrive and find a vital part of the preparations unfinished. The able German officers and diplomats, who have been busy in the consummation of the work at Constantinople, have just been moved to places where their presence is more necessary; Von Bieberstein, the diplomat, becoming ambassador to England, Von der Göltz, the soldier, becoming virtually head of the German army. The sudden death of the former was an unexpected blow and occurred at a most unpropitious moment. Above all, the German Emperor personally visited all the sovereigns whose coöperation had already been obtained, and all those whose aid was hoped for or whose active opposition would prove a formidable obstacle in the allies' way. He made, by word of mouth, promises, assurances, and explanations which could not have been intrusted to subordinates. Unquestionably, the energy of Wilhelm II, his persuasive powers, and his faith in this gigantic scheme have been of vital importance in securing the coöperation of his present allies. The death of Edward VII was one of the greatest blows England has suffered of late years; he alone could have undermined the impressions left by the Kaiser.

The English and French, alarmed beyond measure by this unexpected turn of affairs, have been straining every nerve to meet it with preparations which shall be more than adequate for any emergency; but both have felt that openly to avow the truth about the situation would not only expose them to the danger of attack at a moment when they are more likely to suffer reverses than at any time since the Franco-Prussian war ended,

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but also would have an unfavorable effect on English and French public opinion, either sapping the popular confidence in the national strength, or, more probably, causing a demand for instant war which would be difficult to resist. In some way the people must be made to realize that a vital crisis is at hand, but one which can be met only by careful and systematic preparation of the most thorough sort. The immediate adoption of the most extensive naval and military preparations either nation has yet undertaken is imperative, but so extensive are the plans as to seem justifiable to the average man only to avert an impending crisis in which the very national existence is at stake; they demand financial sacrifices he is likely to approve only when the danger is exceedingly tangible. The chief present difficulty lies, therefore, in the fact that the time necessary for their completion is in itself proof to most people that the emergency is contingent rather than immediate. It is hard to make the ordinary man see the expediency of spending as much money and effort to postpone or avert a war as would seem to him necessary to prosecute it.

In England, the position of parties in the House of Commons has seriously hampered the Government in dealing with the crisis. Neither of the great English parties has a majority in the House, and the existing Ministry is a coalition of the Liberals, the Laborites, and the Irish Nationalists. The latter two groups, whose votes alone keep the Liberals in power, are violently opposed to any considerable increase in the naval appropriations; the one, because it objects to the increase in the taxes and disbelieves in war on various grounds; the other, because it believes a great increase of naval expenditure renders highly improbable the grant of as considerable a subsidy to the new Irish Government as the present Home Rule Bill provides, and without which they well know Home Rule is impossible. Knowing this, the Germans and Austrians could not fail to consider a confession of weakness Mr. Churchill's public promise to decrease the English plans for additional ships in proportion to any decrease in the German plans, and his hint that England would be willing formally to guarantee the immunity of the Austrian sea coast from attack, if the plans for the increase of

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the Austrian navy should be abandoned. His scarcely veiled threat to surpass in number any increase they might attempt to make, they greeted with derision. So confident were they that he could not execute his threat, that shortly after his Glasgow speech they announced a very substantial increase in the German and Austrian naval estimates. Such action was tantamount to a direct challenge to fulfil his threat. And the amazing fact is that he could not do it. So determined was the opposition of the Labor and Home Rule members to any considerable alteration of the very moderate programme already announced, and so clear was it that money could not be found to meet their demands and those of the fleet at the same time, that the Ministry were obliged to agree to so small an increase of the English naval appropriations that by the public admission of the First Lord of the Admiralty, Germany will have as early as 1914 twenty-nine ships in the North Sea to England's thirty-three. The Opposition of the Commons and in the Lords, as well as the foremost naval and military authorities, are insisting in the frankest language that the English Supplementary Estimates are on their face utterly inadequate. At the same time, the Unionist leaders know that without the adhesion of the Labor and Nationalist parties, they cannot themselves take office, and that, if they did, they would be forced to pay the same price for the privilege of continuing in office. Naturally, knowledge of this situation has not diminished the confidence already felt at Berlin, Vienna and Rome, and it has so obviously shaken confidence at Paris, that some of the most influential journals have actually begun to question the value of England's support should she lose, not her control of the Channel by actual defeat, but her naval preponderance. Indeed the contrast is sufficiently striking between the prompt passage of the considerable supplementary German estimates without dissent from a Reichstag notoriously hostile to the Administration, and the grudging passage of a slight increase by the English House of Commons where the existing Ministry possessed so powerful a majority as to have overridden opposition to all other measures.

The English Ministry have done what they could to counteract these doubts by secret promises and assurances, by official

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visits to the Mediterranean naval stations, both French and English, and by long conferences with the French admirals. Lord Kitchener has been for some months engaged in extensive preparations for the defence of Egypt and more particularly busied with an attempt to conciliate the Egyptians of all classes. His very wise administrative measures and some agrarian changes have, according to English reports, roused the enthusiasm and loyalty of the fellaheen to a surprising extent. The Mohammedan unrest in India the English have tried to satisfy by the administrative changes announced at the Durbar and by assurances and explanations personally made by the King to the Indian potentates. The native rulers as a whole are in consequence, it is claimed, more loyal than for many years. To minimize the danger of native revolts in Morocco, France has bought the abdication of the Sultan, who was extremely unpopular with the tribesmen, and has appointed in his stead a man of whom little is known to his credit or discredit. He practically paid for his office by agreeing to accept French dictation in everything. Should the present situation continue to develop unfavorable symptoms at the rate of the last few months, absolute control of every resource in Egypt and Morocco, together with the loyal adhesion of the natives, will be necessary to maintain the rule of the English and French.

The English colonies have been informed of the serious nature of the situation, have responded with fervor, and have pledged several cruisers and at least one battleship, which are to be integral parts of the English fleet entirely at the disposal of the Admiralty. The administration of the fleet both for offence and defence has been entirely reorganized, and a new school for the training of officers and a board for directing operations established.

England's allies have also seen the necessity for action. France has officially adopted the two Power standard in the Mediterranean, which is understood to mean that she will create and maintain a fleet sufficiently numerous easily to outweigh the combined Italian and Austrian navies. Spain's neutrality (if not assistance) has been bought by the concession of a larger sphere of influence in Morocco, and the territory around Tangier is

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to be made a neutral zone under international guarantee. Russia has signed a naval convention with France which pledges her to a rapid and considerable increase of her Baltic fleet and the creation of a new naval base almost on the Prussian frontier. A really powerful Russian fleet in the Baltic would be a thorn in Germany's side: it could menace Berlin and all North Germany; it could shell the Kiel Canal; it could debouch from the Sund upon the rear of the Atlantic Squadron of the German fleet; it might, indeed, make a subdivision of the German North Sea fleet imperative and so vitally weaken the forces available for an offensive war as to postpone its date by years, if not make its outcome so uncertain as to prevent it altogether.

But the most significant movement is the project for the Trans-Persian railway which England, France and Russia have adopted. The line is to run south-east from Teheran to Bushire in the English zone of influence and to follow the coast of the Persian Gulf to Karachi. Unquestionably, a Russian army arriving in India by that route would turn the flank of Quetta and render useless all the fortifications and dispositions yet made to keep Russia out of India. For England to consent to it is to abandon the policy of isolating India from Europe by preventing the establishment of easy communication by land. Should Russia attack from Herat and from the new railroad line at the same moment, nothing could prevent the overwhelming of the English army. Russia has three-quarters of a million men enrolled in her army who live within 2,000 miles of the Indian frontier. They may not be highly trained, but they will certainly outnumber the English army ten to one and the combined native and English troops four to one. Lord Curzon voices the conviction of many Anglo-Indians when he declares that the construction of the Trans-Persian railroad is the death-knell of the British power in India. It means, further, the admission of Russia to the rich marts of India and a recognition of her right to share directly in that trade, and, whatever its effect might be on English retention of the sovereignty in India, it would at once end England's practical monopoly of Indian trade. To the British merchant and manufacturer there would seem to be little left worth struggling for, if that is renounced.

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Such, however, are not the purposes of that railroad and such will not necessarily be the results of its construction. The project is based upon the absolute necessity for an English military road to India in case Germany and her allies succeed in securing actual control of the Mediterranean. The new road would prevent the use by Germany of the Bagdad railroad and the Persian Gulf as an approach to India. It would enable England, *so long as her alliance with Russia lasted,* to reinforce the Indian army far more rapidly than would be possible by way of the Panama Canal and the Pacific. In fact, should the Triple Alliance secure control of the Mediterranean, nothing short of some such road would enable England and Russia combined to place enough troops in India to prevent its immediate conquest by Germany. England wishes to keep it; Russia has always dreamed of possessing it; but both would rather see it in the hands of the other than allow Germany to get it. Such an increase of German power would at once endanger the very existence of England and the continued possession by Russia of any territories in the Baltic or in Poland. To the English Ministry, moreover, the danger of losing India because of the new railway's construction seems small beside the undeniable military value of the road as an offensive measure against Germany. The road will run mainly through British territory; it will follow the coast of the Persian Gulf and therefore could always be controlled by an English fleet; nor will it put Russia nearer the Indian defences than she is already; the look-outs at Herat can almost see a Russian railroad station, and Herat is the key to India, scarcely a fourth as far from the frontier and Quetta as Teheran is from Karachi. In fact, say the English military experts, Russia already possesses quite as favorable a position for an assault as the railroad would afford her; but clearly she does not wish to use it, nor will she desire to do so as long as the assistance of England and France is necessary to prevent Germany from overrunning the Baltic.

The feasibility of a military road to India through Russia and Persia has been many times declared. The route through Turkestan, across the Caspian and up the Russian rivers, was one of the commonest roads followed by invasion after invasion

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from Asia; it was one of the recognized trade routes of Europe during the Middle Ages and was well worn by the feet of merchants. Upon its existence, the English Muscovy Company depended and from the trade grew wealthy. Until the construction of the Suez Canal, it was as practicable as any land route and more rapid, though more expensive and dangerous, than the voyage round the Cape of Good Hope. Through it Alexander invaded India, and no less a soldier than Napoleon himself conceived the idea of following the precise route the English and Russians propose to employ in case of need. Napoleon had the whole route carefully surveyed and measured, and his engineers reported its entire practicability. In addition, if we suppose the existence of a general European war and an attempt by Germany on India at a time when England could spare neither men nor ships from European waters, the new railroad would enable her to permit a sufficient Russian force to enter India to defeat the Germans without actually delivering into Russia's hands the keys of the Himalyas, Herat and Quetta. Should Russia after defeating Germany turn traitor, the English in India with the possession of Quetta and the aid of the fleet set free by Germany's defeat might still make a good fight. Should Germany decisively defeat the Channel fleet while her allies were overrunning the Mediterranean, the deluge would have already arrived and India would be irretrievably lost, railroad or no railroad, and England would be glad to see a nation strengthened by the possession of India which might do battle with the all-conquering Germans. The Trans-Persian railroad is not necessarily desirable; it seems to the English merely the best of a number of extremely undesirable and regrettable expedients of which unfortunately one must be chosen. So a deputation of the members of the House of Commons and of London merchant princes visited Russia and formally sanctioned the commercial aspects of the military agreement. The incident shows conclusively how dependent England is upon her allies and how much trust she is forced to repose in them. It indicates with even greater certainty the English belief in the feasibility of the German plans for securing possession of the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal.

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At this juncture, with so much actually gained by the allies, with England, France, and Russia forced by their own open confession to strain every nerve to meet the crisis, and when, as far as the Mediterranean was concerned, the allies did not believe them either able or willing to take a decisive step to recover the lost ground, a new difficulty appeared. The Turks once more declined to ratify the proposed settlement arranged by their "friends," and the treaty with Italy was denounced and opposed by the Young Turk party and by the Committee of Union and Progress as a scheme to rob Turkey to which they would never consent. The strong patriotic movement in Turkey could not fail to put obstacles in the way of the cession of Tripoli. The negotiations at Geneva hung fire; changes of Ministry at Constantinople, hints of revolution, threats of financial consequences, left the Turkish leaders unmoved. But the outbreak of war in the Balkans in October at once solved the difficulty. It is as yet too early to say whether the war was begun to compel the Turks to close with Italy on any terms, and, when once begun, could not be so readily stopped; that is a supposition to which certain despatches lend color. Nor is there here space even to enumerate the multifarious complications caused by the war. Its indirect effect is sufficiently striking.

The Turks, pressed by the Bulgarians on one side, by the Servians and Montenegrins on the other, and with the Italian fleet occupying the Ægean, were forced to yield. To withdraw the army from Tripoli was to abandon that province with slight chance of recovering it by negotiations; to leave the army there was to invite defeat in Europe; to permit the Italian fleet to remain in the Ægean was to risk severing the Turkish corps in Asia Minor and Africa from the main army and meant that the Turks would be beaten both in Europe and in Africa. There was no alternative but the unconditional surrender of Tripoli. Until some decisive factor appears to alter the situation, which may or may not grow out of the war in the Balkans, it is hardly too much to say that England has suffered a more serious reverse than at any time since the Mediterranean fell into her hands. Her enemies have obtained what they never before possessed—a foothold in Africa, the control of the Adriatic, and the pos-

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session (for some months at any rate) of most of the strategic islands of the eastern Mediterranean. It has been usually said that Nelson's victory at Aboukir saved the English control of the Mediterranean. Had he lost the battle, the result could have been scarcely more disastrous than the passing of Tripoli into Italy's undisputed control. The allies actually possess what Napoleon hoped to create.

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THE VOODOO

MADISON CAWEIN

WHO mutters and stoops by the lone bayou
Where the little green leaves hang hushed on the trees,
Till an owl in an oak cries, "Who-oh-who,"
And a fox barks wild where the moon gleams through
The moss that sways to a sudden breeze?
O little green leaves, so still on the trees,
What's that she sees,
The wandering moon?
What's that which lifts in the woods its croon
Of "Woe and death, come soon! come soon!"

Who mutters and kneels with bosom bare,
Where the little green leaves scarce stir on the trees?
And is it a bat that flutters the air?
And is it a snake that hisses there?
And is it the moss that waves in the breeze?
O little green leaves, astir on the trees,
What's that she sees,
The frightened moon?
What cries like an owl its quavering croon
Of "Woe and death, come soon! come soon!"

Who digs? and why is the hole so deep,
Where the little green leaves sound strange on the trees?
And what are the noises that crawl and creep?
What mutters and maunders? Who whine and weep
In wood and in water and weariless breeze?
O little green leaves, so dark on the trees,
What's that she sees,
The haunted moon?
What hobbles off with its mindless croon
Of "Woe and death, come soon! come soon!"

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II

In the hut by the wood it comes to him,
  Where the little green leaves droop limp on the trees:
And all on a sudden his eyes grow dim—
And is it a shadow that seems to swim
  There at the door in the bayou breeze?
  O little green leaves, a-droop on the trees,
  What's that he sees,
That limps and leers in the light o' the moon,
With its evil croon
Of "Woe and death, come soon! come soon!"

The thing has entered the open door,
  Where the little green leaves go mad on the trees!
The thing that the man must bend before!
That strikes his form to the cabin floor,
  And hunts his soul on the wandering breeze.
  O little green leaves, so wild on the trees,
  What's that it sees,
With eyes so wild in the waning moon?
With its hollow croon,
Of "Woe and death, come soon! come soon!"

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REVOLT

MARTHA DICKINSON BIANCHI

SHE turned from her hearth and its fires forsaking
Fled wild to Nature—a mortal escaping!
To lose human passion, her hot heart freeing—
With Wind and River to merge her being.

O Wind I am come! O circling Water!
A loveless pagan, behold your daughter!
My lips are weary of languorous kisses,
My shoulders are burdened by arms that cling,
The fetters of Love are irksome blisses—
I weep and tremble when I would sing!

Let me race high with your gusty huntsmen,
Coursing tall tree tops the long night through;
Let me dance glad with the clamorous torrent,
Veiled in the mists of her rainbow dew!
My outstretched arms,—you will never bind them!
My wandering feet you will never snare!
My heart you will never freight with sorrow—
My eyes you will never dim with care.

O Wind I am come! O circling Water!
O pagan Mother, receive your daughter!
My eyes are holden by mortal weeping,
And my heart rebels at its own desire;
My dreams are thrall to a Lover's keeping—
My life consumes in a wasting fire!

But the Winds blew Northward and would not heed her,
Hallooing hard on the track of their leader—
The Torrent sped on to its flooding river,
Mocking aloud through glisten and shiver—

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"Turn back! Turn back from this shrineless portal!
Nature is fair but Love is immortal!
The sky has its stars and gods above you,
The blossom must bloom and bird must fly—
You may not venture with Wind or Water,
Turn home sad mortal with Love to lie!"

* * *

The Poet's Interlude

Nature is sibylline, timeless and heartless,
Her hand lies hard as a primal law,
Though immemorial beings entreat her,
Her suns appear and her moons withdraw.

The prescience of Autumn, the April's trouble,
Vanishing fragrance, wings that hover—
What are they more than illumined transcription,
Varying mood of a mortal Lover?

Love is the longing of purple shadow,
Love is the glamour of golden grain,
Love is the might of the trampling tempest,
Love is the call of the wander-rain!

Though you fain rebel and elude with Nature,
In vain her sorceries reft of this,
Her luring wild and her wantoning joyance
Fade at the brink of a mortal kiss.

Crimson of coppice and russet of dingle
Falter or flame by Love's furtive grace,
Dreamless the stile in the silvering moonbeam
Till Love's light crossing to Love's embrace.

Love is the instinct of brooding nightfall,
Love is where Westering wood-paths lead,
Love is the star on the flushed horizon
Thrilling the sense with a mystic need.

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Nature is magical, wayward, illusive—
Her goals set far beyond man's scant hour,
But the human touch to the wistful human
Transcends the mark of her fateful power.

What beauty lurks in her smile to challenge
The curving lips for Love's wine out-thrust?
Drink and forget in the cup of your Lover—
Human to human as dust to dust!

* * *

Then the Wind shouted high "I ride forever!"
The stream replied, "I run to my river!"—
"Impotent arms you will open to stay us
Our rapture shall never tarry or bide,
Sleep if you will in our loveless chambers—
Of sweet-mouthed mortals your dreams betide!"

She fled the forest—her deft feet escaping
Turned to her hearth-stone, her folly forsaking,
To claim the immortal, her hot heart freeing—
In the cup of her Lover to lose her being;
Her lips turned faint for his languorous kisses,
Her slight arms fain for his arms that cling,
Her hands outstretched to claim her fetters—
To weep and tremble nor care to sing.

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THE TIRED

FLORENCE KIPER

QUIET dead, whom others weep,
We have envy of thy sleep.
Dead in us is being's zest;
Easy would it be to rest.
Stooped so low are we by toil,
We are near the friendly soil.
Quiet dead, do seeds of spring
Ever stir thy slumbering?
Does the push of life anew
Wake in thee its yearnings too?
We would lie too deep and still
E'en to know the sentient thrill.
We would lie too still and deep
E'er to waken from our sleep.
Surely in the depths of earth
There is resting from rebirth.
Surely somewhere is there peace,
Where the tides of being cease.
Many have with life been blest.
Lord, Thy weary ask Thee rest.

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EXIT

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

NO, your exit by the gate
Will not leave the wind ajar;
You will go when it is late
With a misty star.

One will call, you cannot see;
One will call, you will not hear;
You shall take no company.
Nor a hope or fear.

We will smile who loved you so—
They who gave you hate will weep;
But for us the winds will blow
Pulsing through your sleep.

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THE INJURY

CHARLES MARRIOTT

AT first Earle found the acquaintance rather tiresome. Hutchinson made him feel that he talked too much and too loosely. Most of the other members of the club were in business or the solider professions; doctors, lawyers, engineers and a few civil servants. Younger than most, Earle was most nearly connected with the liberal arts. Under a brilliant chief he was already being talked about as an architect of real originality, and his occasional essays and poems were eagerly welcomed by a small circle of readers. In the somewhat heavy atmosphere of the club he stood for idealism. If the other men thought him erratic they did not complain because, relegating him to the ornamental side of life, almost as if he had been a woman, they expected him to be erratic. None of them was near enough to his interests to tackle him on his own ground. Coming in tired and bored from their humdrum occupations they liked to hear Earle talking. He had been talking about the subject of affinities when Hutchinson, who had never spoken to him before, and was apparently not listening, put down his newspaper and said: "That's nonsense." The immediate occasion of the remark was an illustration which Earle had drawn from chemistry, and in the little good-natured argument which followed he gathered that Hutchinson was professionally connected with the subject. The point, which was not essential, had to be yielded to the authority; and Hutchinson, picking up his newspaper again, appeared to take no further interest in the discussion.

After that Earle had the uneasy feeling that Hutchinson might come down upon him at any moment. He was not a humbug, but the good-humored indulgence of the other men toward a point of view they did not profess to understand encouraged him to be careless and extravagant in his statements. He had enough sense of humor not to resent criticism; indeed, he appreciated the advantage of being made to pick his words and illustrations with care; but he had the talkative man's fear of

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the silent one, and he could have wished that Hutchinson had continued to ignore him.

The ice broken, however, Hutchinson seemed inclined to improve the acquaintance. He was a grave, bearded man of about fifty; a manufacturing chemist. Though fairly regular in his attendance at the club he did not seem to have many friends there. His manners were civil but not expansive, and Earle observed that the club servants regarded him as a man who must not be kept waiting. His interest in Earle, which the younger man could not fail to regard as a compliment, was expressed in challenging statements, often based upon something Earle had said in conversation with somebody else. Or Hutchinson would ask a question, about art or literature or human relations, and having drawn Earle out by the Socratic method, would refrain from giving his own views on the subject. The effect upon Earle was to make him feel that he was being taken more seriously than was convenient. It was like being studied under the microscope, and he could not help feeling that at the bottom of his heart Hutchinson despised his order of intelligence. At this stage he could not have said if he liked Hutchinson or not. He summed him up as an old-fashioned materialist, with a good logical brain, conservative in his views, unimaginative, and decidedly anti-democratic in social matters. He would be a just but exacting employer.

As the acquaintance progressed, each advance being made by Hutchinson in his rather brusque manner, the two men would sometimes have tea together. Beyond the feeling that Hutchinson saved up little problems for his opinion, and reflected upon what he said, Earle did not receive the impression that the elder man was personally interested in him. Hutchinson was not curious about his professional performances. Once he spoke of having read a poem of Earle's in a review, but beyond saying that he wondered whether there was anything in love beyond physical attraction he expressed no opinion of its merits. Earle gathered that Hutchinson, who was evidently well read in the English classics, thought poorly of modern literature in general.

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II

Earle had a flat in Westminster and being a frequent diner-out he generally left the club, in the Adelphi, earlier than Hutchinson. One evening when he had no engagement he stayed until nearly seven. When he rose to go Hutchinson said: "If you have nothing to do this evening will you dine with me?" Earle hesitated for a moment and Hutchinson went on: "My wife will be glad to make your acquaintance. She is interested in your writing."

That made it impossible to decline with a good grace. Until then Earle had not known that Hutchinson was married; without really thinking about it he had set him down as a bachelor, and the news that he was married did nothing to remove the slight feeling of hesitation about turning acquaintance into friendship. Earle was popular enough to be rather exacting of his entertainment and he thought that the Hutchinson household must be dull. As a rule he didn't like women who were interested in writing—even his own—and there might be serious daughters as well. However, he must risk being bored for one evening.

Hutchinson lived in Cavendish Square—which didn't sound promising. The house, however, interested Earle professionally. The moment he got inside the door he recognized that everything was done with remarkable consistency. It was not his taste but, as he said, he took off his hat to a sense of period. His feeling of respect increased as, ascending the stairs, he began to understand that the consistency was not deliberate; evidently the house reflected the instinctive tastes of its occupants.

They entered a large room on the first floor where Mrs. Hutchinson sat alone reading by the fire—for it was late October. She looked round calmly as the two men came into the room and Hutchinson said: "Miriam, I've brought Mr. Earle home to dinner."

Earle observed that his tone was not apologetic. Evidently the resources of the house were equal to sudden calls. Also he observed that Mrs. Hutchinson's placid greeting,

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though quite civil, was not enthusiastic; there was nothing to show whether her interest in his writing—for she had evidently recognized his name—was friendly or hostile. She took his hand firmly and spoke pleasantly but she did not smile. At first he felt a little afraid of her. In type she reminded him of a figure on a Pompeian vase. Her black hair was carefully arranged, bound to her head with a purple ribbon and finished off at the back in a heavy knot. Her features were bold, her eyes veiled in their expression under thick, drooping lids, and level, strongly marked eyebrows. She looked proud, sensual and inclined to be sullen; if crossed she would be quietly insolent rather than passionate. Her evening gown of black and purple was cut straight across to reveal firm, broad shoulders, and it hung weightily, giving dignity to her figure. Earle, who was thirty-two, guessed her to be five or six years older than himself. Imperious and enigmatic were the words that summed up his first impression of her.

The atmosphere of the house gave him singular confidence. It was reposeful, but in a large way that suggested an excess rather than a lack of character. The relations between husband and wife seemed to be those of partners with great respect for each other and enough affection for the comfortable adjustment of individual interests. Earle guessed that each lived a full and independent life. He felt that in the course of the evening he would be critically considered. If he failed to satisfy some personal standard, he knew not what, of Mrs. Hutchinson's, he might remain a friend of her husband's but he would not be asked again to the house. If on the other hand he pleased her, he would be admitted to a circle, probably small, and certainly interesting.

Dinner, though not elaborate, indicated that the Hutchinsons lived well. Without any suggestion of grossness Mrs. Hutchinson took a serious interest in her food and Earle felt amusedly that he fell a little short of her standard in that particular. Possibly because anything like reserve with such a hostess would have been unavailing to conceal imperfections, he found himself in a talkative mood, unusually frank in the statement of his views upon things in general. Hutchinson, though

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not for him remarkably silent, left the conversation pretty much to his wife and Earle, occasionally giving it a turn in the direction of some subject that he and Earle had already discussed. Earle received the not unpleasant impression that Hutchinson wanted his wife to get the full flavor of him. He knew that he was rattling but he also knew that he was not showing off; the atmosphere, of settled conviction against the modern spirit of which he might be called a champion, invited extravagance. Mrs. Hutchinson piqued him; unlike her husband she gave no sign of curiosity or dissent, but he felt that in her case everything he said was received into a rich consideration beside which Hutchinson's critical attitude was merely an intellectual phenomenon. Leaning her chin on her hand and occasionally provoking him to impudent over-statement by some bantering remark, she watched him under her lowered lids with an expression that he could not interpret. She made him feel extraordinarily young without on her part betraying a point of view that could be identified with middle age. He could not place her; she was just too far away from the modern spirit to be called old-fashioned, and over and over again he was reminded of the associations of her type. He might have been talking to a matron of the Roman decadence.

Although Mrs. Hutchinson's remarks implied that she was familiar with Earle's writing, she did not name any particular piece or express either liking or disapproval. But this, coupled with her amused interest in his conversation, was the most delicate flattery to an author whose work was occasional in appearance and slender in amount; it made him feel that he was taken for granted as having something to say. The only remark she made that sounded like a criticism was applied to a school rather than to him as an individual. "Ah, you are whistling in the dark of emancipation to keep up your courage. And in your furthest adventures you hang on to the life-lines of old sanctions."

Of her tastes and habits he learnt little, but like the house, it was all consistent. Apparently the Hutchinsons moved in a circle of learned societies and probably most of their friends were middle-aged. History seemed to be Mrs. Hutchinson's

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preference in reading; she was particularly well-informed in the history and topography of London and she was evidently a constant visitor to museums and public galleries, though here again her interest was historical rather than artistic. She was a regular attendant at concerts, of the more definitely classical kind, but she was not herself a musician.

Altogether Earle spent a very pleasant evening. He could hardly have said whether as a woman Mrs. Hutchinson attracted or repelled him, though she certainly piqued his curiosity. Nor could he judge if he had or had not gained her approval. Her manner at parting was friendly but non-committal; she did not express a desire to see more of him. From Hutchinson's manner, however, he gathered that he had not been a gross failure. It pleased him, though he could not have said why, that Mrs. Hutchinson should seem the stronger character of the two; nor could he have explained the vague wish that he had made her acquaintance without her husband's intervention.

III

Ordinarily Earle was not very punctilious in the fulfilment of minor social obligations, but he felt that in this case a visit of digestion was imperative. He would not have been surprised if Mrs. Hutchinson, though at home, had declined to receive him. She would expect the formality, but she would not necessarily submit to what, for anything he knew, might be a boredom. She did receive him, however, in a negligent gown of black lace that was in itself a welcome, and was good enough to say that boredom was just what his visit relieved her from. Lightly as it was said it made him feel that the test of his eligibility had been really postponed until now, and he commended his own judgment in supposing that the visit was imperative. If he failed to interest or amuse Mrs. Hutchinson, now, he ceased to exist for her except as a club acquaintance of her husband's.

His acceptance of the challenge was made more spirited by the fact that after a merely formal opening of generalities she began to talk about him and his writing.

"You are one of my periodical refreshments, you know,"

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she said, indicating a litter of papers and reviews on the little table beside the couch on which she indolently reclined; "and it is part of the refreshment that one never knows when and where you are going to turn up."

He was old enough not to attach too flattering a meaning to the word refreshment, and young enough to try to force an expression of her opinion by saying: "At least I can claim the merit of giving small doses at long intervals."

"Yes, you're considerate," she said, coolly, and he laughed at the deserved evasion.

"And innocuous," he said.

"Well, why not?" she said, in so frank a tone that he hastened to disclaim any desire to startle the Philistines.

"That's allowed," she said. "One wouldn't be bothered with you otherwise."

"Still," he persisted, in pursuit of her point of view rather than from the wish to know what she thought of him, "we give you refreshment rather than solid food?"

"Ah, don't despise your privilege," she said, with sudden energy and a melancholy behind it that strangely stirred him. "Believe me it is worth having—if you care at all for the gratitude of your fellow creatures."

It was only the intense curiosity she aroused in him that made him dissatisfied with so rich a compliment. Sincerely as it had been paid there was a depth in her that was not involved in it.

"You're generous," he said, smiling rather ruefully, "but you give from the bank and not the mine."

She smiled, but a slight change of color told him that she had understood him and, to herself at least, admitted the justice of his complaint. After a moment's consideration, in which he watched her closely for some betrayal of her deeper self, she said:

"Youth is too precious a thing to be wasted in dusty exploration."

He began protestingly: "Oh, youth——"

"——Is not to be measured by years," she said. "But we'll have some tea. Will you please ring that bell?"

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He obeyed, wondering whether he had been snubbed for his curiosity or whether she only wished to evade it. He was intelligent enough to see that in either case persistence, now, would be unrewarded.

Over tea she talked to him in a friendly, matter-of-fact way about his material affairs; asking him questions about his professional doings, his recreations and his way of living.

"You seem to have arranged your life very sensibly with regard to your ambitions," she said. "And are you happy?"

"As a sand-boy," he assured her. She dwelt, a little enviously, on his laughing face and then, lowering her eyes to the tea table while she arranged the cups, added:

"And there's a woman?"

"Not to interfere," he said stoutly.

"But to help?"

"I suppose I'm arrogant——" he began, but she checked him with:

"Not at all. We like you all the better for wanting to be sure of that. It's a compliment—which we don't all deserve."

"At present," he said, "I'm not paying compliments. I'm building houses."

"Well," she said, "there's plenty of time. But, unless you take vows, you will eventually build better or worse for some woman."

The remark, with its implied conception of his temperament, was just personal enough to make him feel sure that he hadn't been snubbed. But claiming the privilege to read him was a different thing from revealing herself, and before he could think of a sufficiently subtle way of turning the conversation upon her she strengthened her defences by saying:

"My husband tells me that you are building very well now."

A few days ago the knowledge of Hutchinson's appreciation would have pleased him immensely, but now he felt that Hutchinson was irrelevant.

"I didn't think he had noticed," he said.

Evidently amused at his slight tone of chagrin she said:

"My husband is a very observant man. He often speaks of you."

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"I amuse him," said Earle.

"No, I think he takes you rather seriously," she said with a judicious air.

Encouraged by her bantering tone he said:

"What, precisely, do you take seriously?"

"Tea," she said; "you are eating nothing."

With a gesture of mock desperation he took a piece of cake. She laughed and went on:

"At least a woman can help you there—without any serious risk."

"I'm prepared to take risks," he said, without any particular intention.

"So long as they don't menace the building," she said.

"Hang the building," he said, "if it interferes with my interest in my fellow creatures."

"You must not even say that," she said gravely; adding, "though of course it needn't."

"Then why do you close the book?" he said boldly.

She made no pretence of not recognizing the personal application, but smiled rather sadly, and shook her head.

"Not worth while—to an idealist," she said.

He was too intelligent to disclaim the label and said: "But mayn't one be permitted to judge that for oneself?"

"Well, it's open to read," she said, carelessly.

"In cipher," he retorted.

She glanced at him quickly before she said, with less command than hitherto:

"That sounds rather alarming."

"Or alluring," he said, quietly.

From her expression he could not tell whether she were vexed or amused. She had colored slightly, she smiled, looked grave again, and kept her eyes down. Moved as he had not been before, he was wondering if he ought not to cover his last remark with something less personal when she raised her eyes and said in a level tone:

"You may smoke and if you'll give me a cigarette I'll keep you company."

He came to the couch where she sat. As he lit her cigarette

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he observed that her hand was a little unsteady. It came to him in a flash of illumination that words were not the right key to the enigma. When he had thrown away the match he sat down beside her. She betrayed self-consciousness only in a slight raising of her voice as she explained unnecessarily that smoking was not one of her regular indulgences. They talked in that strain, both a little forcedly. After a few seconds she threw away her cigarette and said:

"There, I have countenanced you."

"To attempt the cipher?" he said, unsteadily.

"Ah, don't waste your youth," she murmured.

The effect was to make him daring and he lifted her hand to his lips. It would not have surprised him to receive a blow for the liberty. She released her hand but only to rest it on his shoulder, and, with narrowed eyes, looked at him searchingly. She was grave now, her color uneven, her breathing uncertain. Emboldened he put his arm round her and murmured: "Well, do I only amuse you?" Her breath, arrested by his action, came back slowly in a sigh. "Wait," she said; and, rising, locked the door.

IV

Afterwards Earle tried, with only partial success, to persuade himself that Hutchinson was not really his friend. Theoretically he could make out a fairly good case; he had not welcomed the acquaintance and all along he had been the passive partner; but at the bottom of his heart he knew that the advance on the part of so reserved a man as Hutchinson was evidence of a feeling toward him for which friendship was the only possible word.

Apart from the guilty sense of confidence abused, Earle had no scruples. Miriam Hutchinson was old and intelligent enough to be permitted the right of making what personal relations she chose. He believed that she, like himself, would be prepared to face the consequences of technical infidelity to her husband supposing their intrigue were discovered. He had no reason to suppose that the injury was more than technical; unless he were very much mistaken the relations between husband and

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wife had long been merely those of good comrades. Whatever their original affection it was now of a sort that need suffer no decline. There was deceit, of course, but in the circumstances that was almost a kindness.

Under these familiar sophistries the sense of guilt only gave romantic value to the adventure. In pursuit of it technical honor was appeased by tacit agreement in that the abuse of hospitality was not repeated. She came to his flat. Earle continued to visit Hutchinson's house occasionally, but he seldom saw Miriam alone and his conscience was flattered by the reflection that he gave every incentive to suspicion by evading the increasing friendliness of the elder man. Hutchinson was too proud and reserved to comment upon Earle's coldness, but he was evidently a little hurt and perplexed.

To the romantic side of Earle the intrigue was full of inspiration. There was the extreme contrast between the grave, dignified, self-contained and rather formal hostess, when he saw her amongst her friends, and the passionate mistress. Emotionally she was inexhaustible. Imperious and enigmatic he had called her on their first acquaintance and imperious and enigmatic he found her in the closest intimacy. She was as firm in refusal as frank in abandonment. And in the most passionate surrender there lurked a profound melancholy. She gave what she gave with the generosity of a queen, but kept her own secret. In her abandonment as in her melancholy Earle found something deeper than the despairing clutch of a middle-aged woman at the joy of life; she was driven by some excess of temperament which was as far from mere sensuality as it was from the desire for love in its modern conception.

She made no sentimental claims upon him. Her one anxiety, indeed, was that he should not occupy his mind with her at the expense of his work. This, as he saw, did not come from humility but from pride. The result was to call out the devotion she did not claim, and what began in passion deepened through gratitude into something that he did not recognize as love. If she recognized it she kept her own counsel, and the word was not used between them. With supreme wisdom she renounced the name and accepted the reality so that, without

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knowing that he was confiding, he gave her the last atom of his confidence; bringing to her his aspirations and difficulties, his hopes, fears, successes and disappointments. He did not know, and she did not betray, what he was gaining from her sane judgment and sympathy. Whether she knew it or not he was building better for knowing her.

In a very strange way she duped him. Her unashamed conduct of the intrigue together with her practical discretion, so carefully careless that suspicion was never aroused, led him to assume tacitly that he was not her first lover. Not recognizing that his passion had passed into love, he wondered why the assumption did not repel him. Without knowing it he underestimated his privilege; if he had been asked he would have said that he was fortunate rather than happy.

Two things conspired to leave him unsatisfied; her implacable reserve in everything beyond the appeal of passion, and her husband's persistent friendliness. The first was a lure, the second an irritation. He knew that he liked Hutchinson; in spite of their relative positions he did not despise him; and he felt, though he tried to deny the feeling, that his own unresponsiveness was a real grief to the elder man. Earle himself would have been glad to force the situation and he sometimes wondered why Miriam preferred concealment. She was not a woman to be afraid of either public censure or the practical consequences of divorce. The problem was associated in his mind with her habitual reserve. He could not quite understand why she had given herself to him. The desire for concealment in face of his implied willingness to bear the consequences of discovery pointed to mere indulgence of the body, which tallied with his assumption that he was not her first lover; yet, whenever he recalled her mingled joy, pride, melancholy and, above all, tenderness in his arms, his mind refused to accept that explanation. There were times when he was almost ready to believe that Hutchinson must know; that for some unexplained reason he was compelled to tolerate the aberrations of a strange woman.

Once Earle ventured to hint to her his desire for honesty. She betrayed no alarm, but was inflexible.

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"No," she said, "that would be the end of everything. You are not jealous of him?"

"I'm jealous of his regard," he said.

"Yes, I can understand that," she said after a pause, "but that, unfortunately, is in the nature of things. It is the price you pay. Otherwise—you have no need to be jealous. Is the price too heavy?"

There could only be one answer and Earle did not again question his good fortune.

Still, as time went on, his jealousy of Hutchinson's regard only increased. He began to recognize, too, that it was not Hutchinson's force of character and moral and intellectual power, but some simplicity, some need in the man, that vexed his peace of mind. It was as if he were deceiving a child. This was brought home to him one evening when, unable without actual rudeness to evade the invitation, he had dined in Cavendish Square. There were other guests and, if he had been the most modest of men, he could not have escaped the impression that Hutchinson was showing him off. Remarks of his, that he himself had forgotten, were quoted with the implication that the elder man had thought them over and modified his views accordingly. At one point in the conversation Hutchinson laid his hand affectionately on his arm and then removed it with a slight flush and stammer that in so undemonstrative a man were infinitely touching. Earle saw that Miriam had observed the action; she smiled, but not amusedly.

A few days later she came to Earle's flat with her great air of the matron, irreproachable and unapproachable, which made her transformation to the mistress an ever new delight. That afternoon they were unusually happy, and, as the hour of parting drew near, Earle spoke of his grief at having so little of her confidence.

"Don't waste your youth," she said, repeating her former answer. The words recalled the occasion and he strained her to him, passionately murmuring:

"Indeed, in spite of all, I know you no better to-day."

"Be content," she whispered.

"Content is not the word," he said, "but——"

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She stopped his mouth with a kiss and then, holding his head between her hands, gazed at him with eyes that were almost maternal in their tenderness.

"Have I given you anything?" she said. "I don't speak of pleasure."

"You have given me new life," he said.

"And nothing can take it away?" she said, giving his head a little shake.

"Nothing," he said, wondering at the question. He thought that perhaps she was about to make some admission about her past life. But instead she suddenly bowed her face on his shoulder and began to sob heavily. He had never seen her cry before and the convulsive anguish of her weeping alarmed him. He pressed her into a chair and knelt beside her begging her to forget his words.

"Don't tell me anything," he said. "Nothing can make any difference."

She mastered herself with an effort as terrible as her sudden breakdown, and, smiling at him bravely, said:

"Forgive my foolishness—but that is true?"

He pressed his lips to her hand and said reverently:

"If I were never to touch your hand again you would still be the joy of my life. Nothing could take it away."

V

The next afternoon when Earle entered the club a waiter, looking at him strangely, gave him a note addressed in Hutchinson's handwriting. Warned by the man's face he took the note to the silence room before he opened it.

"Dear Earle," it ran. "My wife shot herself at midday—I fear not accidentally. I can think of no reason why she should take her life, though the possibility was always there. She was an unhappy woman, not for any positive reason, but by temperament. I feel that you ought to have this from me because you were one of the very few people who did not bore her. I believe, gratefully, and you may be glad to know, that if anything could have reconciled her to the life she found wearisome it

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would have been your friendship. That I can well understand, and when the immediate grief of this is over I hope you will extend to a lonely man the comfort she undoubtedly derived from your society."

It was only then that Earle knew that he loved her. He knew that his last words to her were simply true; that if he could have called her back, the mere knowledge that she was in the world, the quiet assurance of her words, her calming glance, would have been enough. Though loving his life and not given to desperate actions, his first impulse was to follow her, and if the means had been at hand he would probably have done so. But when he came to himself he felt the craving to have at least some further word of her. Though he understood, only too well, that her last visit to him had been a deliberate "good-bye," it seemed to him incredible that she could have gone out without some explanation.

Avoiding everybody he left the club. In the Strand he recalled the face of the man who had given him the note. Already the news must be in the evening papers. The desire for any detail about her rather than the hope of illumination prompted him to buy a paper, and he searched it, standing on the pavement, jostled by the passers-by.

Early in the afternoon her maids had been startled by a report from the drawing-room. They found her lying dead on the couch, shot through the heart. Even as he read Earle found himself admiring the sharp manner of her death.

So far as was known she had left no trace of writing to account for her action, but Earle felt certain that she had written to him. Afraid to go home before sufficient time had passed for the delivery of her letter, he continued to walk the streets, quickly and aimlessly.

At six o'clock he returned to his flat, where he had not been since early morning. Yes, there was a letter addressed to him in her masculine hand with the orderly placing of words that was so characteristic.

She began without preamble: "When you get this I shall be gone. He did not know, he does not know, he must never know. That by everything you hold sacred between us.

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"Forgive me for the shabby trick I seem to be playing you. It will not be in vain if I can make you understand. Briefly—we are not our own. There is always a claim. We wronged him. Yes, but how? Not by my 'unfaithfulness': that, in our case, is a mere figure of speech. He lost nothing in me; indeed, he gained by what I had of you; and concealment was—a courtesy. Therefore you need feel no remorse. You have time and opportunity for so much more than reparation that I go gladly in the thought of it.

"Even at the end, after thinking it over for days—weeks—it is difficult to find words sufficiently clear and important to express what I mean. We robbed him not of me but of you. His need of you is as real and beautiful a thing as I have ever known in my life. And, though it may sound strangely from me, he is worth while. He is, in his way, a great man. I could tell you things—but it is not necessary. He deserves all you can give him, and you can give much.

"You could not know this and therefore the wrong was altogether mine. I ought to have known, at the beginning, but I did not. Partly, I think, because I misjudged you. I thought that I might have joy of you and yet leave you all that he needed in you. But then I saw that your singleness made that impossible, and your singleness is—you; and from that moment I knew that we were sinning. Not a moment before. But not seeing is no excuse and seeing is the last imperative. Therefore I must go.

"Now you begin to understand what, in going, I put upon you. It is a hard but not an impossible task. Be yourself to him. If you have gained anything from me I shall have part in your fulfilment, and that will be my expiation. What you are in yourself is the measure of my temptation and of this necessity. Oh no, I am not praising you for a virtue. Just what you have you are not responsible for; you do not even value it. But youth, the undying youth that is yours, is a terrible gift. Guard it, oh guard it both for your own sake and for the sake of those to whom it may be a blessing and an inspiration. Do not suffer it to be abused. Not that I think I harmed you—and I have your word that you are not less happy for knowing me. Your interpretation of that in your future relations with him will be

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the test of the man I believe you to be, and your tribute to my memory.

"What last words can I say to my Love, my Lover? For me it is an exultation to write the words, now, for the first time. Writing them I can go with a laugh on my lips. Here, anyhow, I feel not the shadow of remorse or regret. I can fling it in the face of judgment, against the wisdom of the virtuous, that with no purpose but selfish gratification I was permitted to know the culmination of life. If you can say the same—and I have your word—you will not think too sadly of my departure. We have delighted together—*tempus abire est.*"

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A PRESIDENTIAL PREFERENCE VOTE AND THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE

JOHN WALKER HOLCOMBE

IN a former article,* it was urged that Congress, by a brief enactment, assist the Electors to assemble in convention for the purpose of nominating candidates for President and Vice-President, and prohibit conventions and other extra-legal agencies from forestalling the choice of the Electoral College. It was shown that the Electors have the constitutional right so to assemble and nominate, and that party conventions are purely voluntary, irresponsible bodies, acting without warrant of law.

The Electors are "appointed" by direct vote of the people. Though elected on a general State ticket, it is the invariable custom to put on that ticket a resident of every Congressional district. Thus the Electors are known personally or by reputation to the people among whom they live. They may be designated by primary elections, and they constitute a truly representative body, knowing and sharing in the opinions of their constituents. They are a fit body to choose the President because they are a sensitive index of public opinion. This reason influenced the Constitutional Convention in determining the mode of election, the mode adopted being thought the best of all that were proposed, to interpret and carry out the people's will.† But to know that will the Electors were left to their own understanding. No systematic means of the people themselves expressing their will were provided; indeed, such means could not be provided in that age. Methods of voting were extremely

* In the November FORUM.

† Gouverneur Morris wrote in 1801: "It was inferred that the mode least favorable to intrigue and corruption, that in which the unbiased voice of the people will be most attended to, and that which will be least likely to terminate in violence and usurpation, ought to be adopted." And Alexander Hamilton in *The Federalist*, No. 68: "It was desirable that the sense of the people should operate in the choice of the person to whom so important a trust was to be confided. This end will be answered by committing the right of making it, not to any pre-established body, but to men chosen for the special purpose, and at the particular conjuncture."

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crude, and it is only in our own day that a really effective ballot has been devised, while the idea of primary elections of candidates is most recent. Meantime, to aid the Electors, left powerless by the requirement to give their votes in their respective states, nominating conventions sprang up, and they have attained a rank growth, imposing upon the Electors as the will of the people the results of Homeric wrangles of politicians.

But the day of the convention is said to be passed. Since the highly unedifying spectacles of last summer, nearly every newspaper and periodical has so predicted in language more or less temperate. The convention is an excrescence upon the body politic, and ought to go, and with it the whole fabric of Presidential campaigns, of which it is the foundation. The country has grown too big for the system, the conventions too unwieldy, the expenses too enormous, the excitement too intense. This applies with even greater force to an election of President by direct popular vote. Let the personal element be eliminated, and the President be found without candidates and without campaigns.

We have too much of parties and partisanship. Our nation-wide campaign is a gigantic evil: its unifying influence no longer needed, its educative value negative, its vast expenditure worse than waste, its irritating effects thoroughly unwholesome. The shameless vituperation of public men, the unscrupulous misrepresentation of policies, the lurid picturing of outrages past and horrors to come, have too often roused the unthinking to madness, and may be held responsible for the assassination of one-third of our Presidents elected since the Civil War. With this evil record, the worst among modern nations, we still industriously cultivate the tree that bears such fruit, our system of frenzied politics.

The substitute offered for the conventions is the nomination of candidates by primary elections, each party voting separately among candidates designated in advance by petition or some such means. The objections of confusion, cumbrousness, intricacy and expense, in attempts to apply this scheme to Presidential elections, were discussed in the former article referred to; but, also, this system recognizes and perpetuates by law, parties and

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partisan organizations. In view of the developed political capacity of the electorate, it is right and possible for the people to express their wishes respecting candidates for the offices of government, and the best means possible should be devised for a full and effective expression thereof. But by no means should it pass through the medium of party conventions. Such a medium is wholly unnecessary and altogether obstructive. Most emphatically it is urged that the people, in undertaking to advise respecting the Presidency, address their advice directly to the responsible agents commissioned by them and vested by them with authority to act thereon, that is, the Electoral College.

This desirable expression of Presidential preferences by the voters at large, may be given in a simple and effective manner, with scarcely any addition to the labor involved in casting and collecting the ballots. Naturally the preference vote should be given in connection with the vote for Electors, and such would be the case in practice; but in legislating upon the subject, in order to avoid all questions of validity, Congress would wisely connect this vote with the vote for Representatives, a subject over which that body has complete jurisdiction,* while the power to determine the manner of "appointing" the Electors is vested in the State legislatures. A paragraph in the act for assembling the Electoral College should provide that in the years when a President is to be elected there shall be printed on the ballots used in voting for Representatives in Congress words to this effect: *Here the voter may write the name of his choice for President of the United States,* and below them a blank line; and when the ballots are counted in each State all names written on this line by the voters, which have received more than one thousand votes each, shall be tabulated with the number of votes for each, and the tabulation shall be certified to the Electors, and shall be published.

* This is placed beyond doubt by the Supreme Court in the following language: "So in the case of laws regulating the elections of Representatives to Congress the State may make regulations on the subject; Congress may make regulations on the same subject; or may alter or add to those already made. The paramount character of those made by Congress has the effect to supersede those made by the State, so far as the two are incompatible, and no farther." *Ex parte Siebold,* 100 U. S. 386. See also *Ex parte Yarborough,* 110 U. S. 651; and *Wiley v. Sinkler,* 179 U. S. 62.

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When the Electors assemble in convention those from each State will present the tabulation with which they have been provided, and thereupon a consolidated table will be compiled, showing in proper order all the names that have received more than one thousand votes in any State, the number of votes given to every name in each State, and the total number of votes for every name in the whole Union. Remember that the people have, without prior nominations or dictation from any source, out of their own knowledge and best wisdom given these votes. The Electors will thus have reported to them the real voice of the people, but speaking a variable language. From every State there may be several or many names, and without doubt the best qualified men of the nation will be in the lists. It will be the task of the Electors to analyze the lists and determine what is the highest expression of the people's will. They will mark a number of names that have received the largest totals of votes, and those whose votes are derived from the greatest number of States, and among those found to be general favorites they will consider the elements of distinction, past services and qualifications. Each Elector will give to the varying elements such weight as his own judgment and conscience approve, and the results of their deliberations cannot fail to be more satisfactory to an enlightened country than are the fortuitous conclusions of our national conventions.

To complete the discussion of this question, something should be said of the manner of "appointing" the Electors, though this is not within Federal jurisdiction. Being left to the State legislatures, various modes were employed, each suited doubtless to local conditions. In certain States the legislatures themselves appointed them, in others they were elected by Congressional districts, in others all were voted for upon a general State ticket. The last mode has come to prevail, because it gives an advantage to the majority, and the party in power wants and expects to get all the Electoral votes. But election by Congressional districts was preferred by the early statesmen. Wilson, Gallatin, Hamilton expressed themselves strongly to that effect. Jefferson wrote: "A most favorable event would certainly be the division of every State into districts for the election of Electors"; and

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Madison reported: "The district mode was mostly, if not exclusively, in view when the constitution was framed and adopted. The States when voting for President by general ticket are a string of beads. When they make their elections by districts, some of these differing in sentiment from others, and sympathizing with other districts in other States, they are so knit together as to break the force of those geographical and other noxious parties which might render the repulsive too strong for the cohesive force within the political system." Certainly, the district mode of election seems the fairer, as it would give voice to any existing majorities in the several districts, which might be different from the majority in the State as a whole; and it would render the Electoral College more nearly the counterpart it was intended to be of the national legislature. Logically the Electors corresponding to Representatives ought to be elected in the same manner and by the same constituencies as the Representatives, while the two that correspond to Senators should be elected by the State at large.

The plan here advocated is a restoration of the system designed by the creators of our government, with important modifications required by the developed capacity and enlightenment of the electorate. It was intended that "the sense of the people should operate" through a body of men assembled from every part of every State, and knowing the popular will from their intimate relations with the people. It is here proposed that the body of chosen delegates shall receive directly the advice of the people, their own personal knowledge being supplemented by the popular preference vote. Such a combination of the old and new methods would go far toward taking the Presidency out of politics, as it was conceived by the Fathers. To them the States were the familiar theatres of party contests, their varying interests causing divisions within themselves on diverse issues. Supposing that partisan contentions would be confined within State boundaries, they beheld the National Executive raised above parties, presiding impartially over the destinies of federated States. This is a nobler, grander ideal of the Presidency than the reality it has become, a party chief raised to power by methods which in winning him victory have also won him dis-

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trust. The Presidency of this nation is too splendid a prize to be safely thrown into the arena of personal ambition. It should be bestowed unsought, the office seeking the man. If it be objected that this plan is undemocratic, it should be answered that it is possibly the most truly democratic that can be devised for a large constituency. Pure democracy can only be exercised over a small area, where the entire body of voters in mass meeting pass ordinances and elect officers, as in the Swiss cantons and New England towns. When the political unit is enlarged, composed of many parts, its democracy becomes forthwith representative. Representatives are chosen to enact laws affecting every vital interest, and by representatives our Presidents are in fact selected. The question here is whether these shall be self-constituted representatives, the bosses of disorderly conventions, or shall be the body created for that especial service by our venerated constitution. Should the satisfaction of expressing by ballot a choice among candidates A, B, C, and D, dictated severally by agencies over which we have no control, be greater than that of accepting finally a choice made by agents lawfully elected and advised by the people, and responsible to them for the proper execution of their solemn trust?

As has often been remarked, the authors of the constitution builded better than they knew. In devising only the principal great agencies of government, with only general specifications and restrictions of power, they created an organism which has harmonized with all environments, proved equal to every new condition and controlled successfully an undreamed-of expansion. As provisions little understood have been found of vital efficacy when brought into action by legislative enactment or judicial decision, to meet arising needs, we may be sure our ancient charter holds latent the means of present safety. Some statesman of the early days, divining the tremendous potency of the commerce clause, called it "a Sleeping Giant in the Constitution." So "that abandoned provision, the Electoral College," may prove to be a Veiled Saviour.

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A GROUP OF IRISH POETS *

MICHAEL MONAHAN

II

Gerald Griffin

THE love of poetry is given unto most of the children of men, but the literary concept of the thing is too often a pain and a weariness. The critics and the professors of poetry are evermore bandying their apple of discord. The great public,—as the newspapers phrase it,—the vulgar many, if you will, are not seldom a unit and cast a single suffrage. The many are in the wrong, of course, but I am not always sure of it. After much critical reading, one recurs with a refreshing sense to those sources of pleasure about which even the critics are agreed that it is not worth while to dispute. The mental ache is gone; the tension of thought which latter-day poetry induces is instantly relieved. There is hardly any artifice in these rhymes; an occasional false quantity does not displease us; the soul-probing casuistry and all the rest of it, are happily absent. Here is passion enough, but of a natural sort, without a damnable complexity of motive and refinements that are supersexual. Here is patriotism that shames the diluted article of our day. Here is love that does not lack the essentials of human interest because it is pure, and innocence may hold the page, unharmed of any lurking satyr.

It is told of Handel that he once said he would rather have composed the tender melody of *Eileen Aroon* than all the elaborate works of his genius. Simplicity, the first note in nature, is the last result in art. After a strong course of the reigning Muscovite or Slavic fiction, even after the more delicate and artistic pruriencies of the French realists, we think better of Doctor Primrose, take down the little volume reverently and follow with a chastened heart the simple fortunes of the good vicar. And against the judgment of the critics who have in our

* The first paper appeared in the November number.

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day discounted Dickens, who have told us that one generation is enough to weep over Tiny Tim and Little Nell—against this chilling decree may be set the fact—reassuring to some of us who have felt the spell of the wizard—that *David Copperfield* is still the high water mark by which we measure the popular sense of the good, the true and the beautiful in fiction.

In a lately published volume of Irish songs, compiled by Mr. Charles MacCarthy Collins, M. R. I. A., the editor makes it a subject of lament that Irish poetry offers "no epics with a trace of the fire of Homer, of the grandeur of Dante, of the majesty of Milton; no descriptive poems like *Childe Harold,* no satires like the *Dunciad.*" Truly, I do not think the Irish are greatly to be pitied for their lack of epics. Ancient Irish nomenclature raises such difficulties that the reading of them might perforce be left to the antiquarians. Even the exquisite art of Tennyson does not save the Arthurian legends from palling. Merlin, Lancelot, Guinevere and the rest "come like shadows, so depart," with no relation to the living world. If this be poetry—and it would be daring to doubt—we are perhaps unfit for the message. Our ears have not been touched that we may hear, our eyes that we may see. Too easily the fairy gift escapes our gross perception, nor may we follow it with the chastened vision of Sir Galahad, as he traces the mystic flight of the Holy Grail. Only we know, despairing of the beauty and the mystery, that it is lost to us—

> Adown dark tides of glory slides
> And star-like mingles with the stars!

The world is, indeed, greatly blessed with epics which it seldom takes down from the upper shelf. But this is, in a sense, to apply the yard-measure to poetry. A single line becomes unforgettable. A book sinks into oblivion. We have broken with the old gods, who were, perhaps, no great gods after all. There shall be no more epics. For it is now an article of perfect faith that a man shall fittingly waste his whole life, heart, passion, the very inmost flame of him, for some dozen lines of real poetry.

The best of Irish songs are peerless in the respects of natural sentiment, tenderness, pathos and delicacy—and what else

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is there to put into a song? I do not limit this observation to the melodies of Thomas Moore, who stands by himself and whose songs, in their union of music and poetry, are beyond comparison, either with those of any other nation or even with the happiest efforts of his gifted countrymen. Some of these latter seem at times to excel him in point of vigor and natural freedom, but not one of the few who are often ignorantly cited as his peers, is able to maintain, as he always is, the high level of the classic. If Moore have a fault, it is, perhaps, that he refines too much. The diamond of his Irish song is the brightest in the world, but it is also the most artfully polished. Granting him all he deserves, the poetic genius of his race is yet fully exemplified by turning to all that is not his, and finding so much of the rarest value, " which mankind will not willingly let die."

There is no name in the literature of the last century dearer to Irishmen than that of Gerald Griffin. He lived fewer years than Mangan, and his too was an ill-starred genius. If misfortune be the true badge of the poet, either of these brilliant men may pass unchallenged on that score. Like Mangan, the author of *The Collegians* had to contend with poverty, and he did his share of starving in London, whither he had gone from Limerick at the age of eighteen to begin a literary career.

But the moral fibre of Griffin was of sterner stuff than that of the erratic Barmecide. With a nature deeply, even morbidly religious, he was proof against those bohemian temptations which attend failure even more than success. He took his short commons patiently enough, and, between intervals of hack work for the newspapers, managed to write a tragedy in the regulation classic mould, which convinces us that he was not likely to carry out his threat of " throwing Shakespeare in the shade."

Quitting London in despair after a few years, Griffin returned to his native Limerick. Who can forget the lines in which his sorely tried heart, his wounded spirit, too proud and tender for the sordid struggle, spoke his love and thankfulness at seeing old Ireland again after his weary travail in an alien world?

'Tis, it is the Shannon's stream,
Brightly glancing, brightly glancing;

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See, O see the ruddy beam
Upon its waters dancing.

Thus returned from travel vain,
Years of exile, years of pain,
To see old Shannon's face again,—
O, the bliss entrancing!

Hail, our own majestic stream,
Flowing ever, flowing ever;
Silent in the morning beam,
Our own beloved river!

Here amid the scenes of his youth he drew the inspiration which has made his name immortal. The *Hallowtide Tales* and the *Tales of the Munster Festivals,* appearing in quick succession, were an earnest that the young Irishman was capable of great things in prose fiction, if not in classic tragedy. And in 1828 when on the occasion of his second and last visit to the metropolis of Gog and Magog, the famous novel of *The Collegians* was given to the world, Griffin at once sprang into a brilliant reputation, which the lapse of over half a century has but widened and confirmed.

Boucicault's stage version, *The Colleen Bawn,* has helped to make this novel one of the best known in the range of English fiction. It was a remarkable performance for a young man under twenty-five, and it contains the promise, annulled by Griffin's retirement from the world and untimely death, that the author would write his name with the masters of the English novel. The great and kindly Sir Walter Scott had an approving eye on the young Irishman. Scattered through the volumes of his Diary, we find references to Griffin and his work, always couched in terms of high appreciation.

It is, of course, impossible to say what Griffin might have done had he lived to fulfil the earnest of his first success. Excepting Scott's, none of the great novels of the century had been written when the *Tale of Garryowen* saw the light. Dickens was to come. More than a decade was to pass before Thackeray should challenge his "pride o' place." Mary Ann Evans, better known as George Eliot, was still in pinafores. In fact, the splen-

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did cycle of Victorian fiction had not begun to unfold. That is to say, the ethics of fiction, as now understood, had not been formulated. Sometimes the man seems to make the epoch and then again the epoch seems to make the man. Mr. Howells has told us, with unconscious humor, perhaps, how much he is the gainer by coming after Dickens and Thackeray. Be it remembered that Griffin went before either of those giants of the Victorian age, and, therefore, on the score of literary obligation a balance is to be struck in his favor.

In the first dayspring of his rich fancy teeming with the legend, the lore and the romance of his native Mononia, our poet might well have said, "Time and I against any other two" —evermore the challenge of genius confident to art inexorable. Oh, that tale of Garryowen! how the truth and the pathos of it grip the heart of one who, like myself, must make the response that nature demands and prove the deep kinship of race by an authentic sympathy! In a day when we scan the newest author's style for evidence of degeneracy, and dramatize the gruesome findings of pathology, what a delight to turn to that incomparable chapter which rehearses the rise and fall of Owen's Garden! To me there seems a pathos truly epical, not unmingled with a rich suggestion of Irish humor, in the immortal stanza that epitomizes the story of how Garryowen rose and how Garryowen fell:

> 'Tis there we'll drink the nutbrown ale,
> We'll pay the reckoning on the nail,
> No man for debt shall go to jail
> In Garryowen na-gloria!

With some of the faults of a young man's book, *The Collegians* is a story of the highest power. No other Irish writer has drawn the Irish peasant with anything like the fidelity of Griffin.

There are many passages in *The Collegians* and in *Tracy's Ambition* which you will hardly better with the best in Thackeray and Dickens. Has the biographer of *Barry Lyndon* given us anything truer to the life than the sketch of "Fireball" Creagh? Has he a scene in which the tragic and the grotesque

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are more strongly mingled than in the death of poor Dalton? And is not Dickens matched on his own chosen ground of dramatic, highly wrought circumstance by the powerful episode of the finding of Eily O'Connor's corpse, the accusation of the guilty lover by Danny Mann, or the remorse, grief and shame of the "little Lord" when he hears the accusing ballad from behind his prison door:

> As for that false and cruel knave
> Who stole my life away,
> I leave him to the Judge of Heaven
> And to the Judgment Day.

The truth of Griffin's pictures of Irish peasant life is not their only artistic merit. He had the genuine creative gift, that informing faculty which goes before everything else in the equipment of the fictionist. With what truth of nature he discriminates a score of Irish peasants! The dialect may be unvaried for all, but in each case the expression of character is defined with the touch of the artist. Loyal as I am to Dickens, I shall not give you Lowry Looby for Sam Weller. The one is flesh and blood; the other, according to Mr. Saintsbury, is "extra-human."

But I am to speak of Gerald Griffin as a poet rather than as a novelist, although some of the best of his poetry is to be found in his prose—which indeed has led me to say so much of the latter. He has little of the bardic spirit which animates Mangan. No line of his recalls the ancient senachie. But he excels the author of *Dark Rosaleen* in tenderness even as the latter surpasses him in strength. He has given us two or three of the very finest in the whole compass of Irish love songs. And, as an Irishman, I may be pardoned for believing that *My Mary of the Curling Hair* is one of the sweetest love songs in the world.

> My Mary of the curling hair,
> The laughing teeth and bashful air,
> Our bridal morn is dawning fair,
> With blushes in the skies.

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Shule, shule, shule, agra!
My love! my pearl!
My own dear girl!
My mountain maid, arise!

Wake, linnet of the osier grove!
Wake, trembling, stainless, virgin dove!
Wake, nestling of a parent's love!
Let Moran see thine eyes.

I am no stranger proud and gay,
To win thee from thy home away,
And find thee, for a distant day,
A theme for wasting sighs.

But we were known from infancy,
Thy father's hearth was home to me,
No selfish love was mine for thee,
Unholy and unwise.

And yet (to see what love can do)
Though calm my hope has burned and true,
My cheek is pale and worn for you,
And sunken are mine eyes!

But soon my love shall be my bride,
And, happy by our own fireside,
My veins shall feel the rosy tide
That lingering hope denies.

My Mary of the curling hair,
The laughing teeth and bashful air,
Our bridal morn is dawning fair,
With blushes in the sky.

Shule, shule! shule, agra!
My love, my pearl!
My own dear girl!
My mountain maid, arise!

Purity, no less than tenderness, marks the love songs of Gerald Griffin, and indeed both these qualities are characteristic of most Irish poetry of the affections. A chivalrous respect for

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womanhood and a certain delicacy of feeling in the warmest utterance of passion are proper to the poets of a people who have in all times been distinguished by a genuine morality. The statisticians are here compelled to agree with the eulogists of the Irish character. And although virtue in the amatory relation has been sufficiently discounted by the practice of some poets greater than Gerald Griffin, we are not the less beholden to the chaste muse of the Irish singer.

A common fatalism no less than a common genius marks this group of Irish poets. "Whom the gods love die young"—the tenderest truth caught from the antique world—tells the destiny of Griffin and Davis. Mangan, too, passed untimely—shattered, broken, aged by the torments of a wrecked spirit. All had eaten "that bread which is the bitterest of all food"; all had climbed those "stairs which are the hardest to climb"; all had tasted that "deferred hope which maketh the heart sick." None attained to more than a half measure of years. Griffin, Davis and one more of whom I am to speak, were possessed with the boding of early death. I have already marked the morbid piety of Griffin, linked as it was with a presage of untimely decay, a feeling which had haunted him from boyhood, as he tells us in those simple and affecting verses:

In the time of my boyhood I had a strange feeling
That I was to die in the noon of my day,
Not quietly into the silent grave stealing,
But torn, like a blasted oak, sudden away:

That even in the hour when enjoyment was keenest,
My lamp should quench suddenly, hissing in gloom;
That even when mine honors were freshest and greenest,
A blight should rush over and scatter their bloom.

But be it a dream or a mystic revealing,
The bodement has haunted me year after year,
And whenever my bosom with rapture was filling,
I paused for the footfall of fate at mine ear.

With this feeling upon me, all feverish and glowing,
I rushed up the rugged way pointing to fame;
I snatched at my laurels while yet they were growing,
And won for my guerdon the half of a name!

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Doubtless the poet's gloomy presentiment offers nothing of deeper psychologic import than the native sadness of the true Irish temperament, shadowed by an intense poetic sensibility. But however we may speculate about it, we know that it drove Griffin from his literary successes into an Irish monastery, where he turned like Chatterton in the play upon his precious manuscripts, and destroyed them that his soul might have peace. Byron standing beside

> "the grave of him who blazed
> The comet of a season,"

teaches not the vanity of literary ambition more impressively than the single slab which bears the name of *Brother Gerald Griffin.*

J. Joseph Callanan

In beginning these papers I observed that my task should be to bring to your notice much with which the critic has no concern. Therefore, I shall make no apology for introducing into this group of Irish poets one so little known to the world of letters as the poet above named. We are, I trust, better informed in our judgment and sympathy. Poor Callanan of *Gougaune Barra,*—which remains one of the most memorable of Irish poems,—was in truth a humble singer, yet not unworthy of the comradeship in which I have ventured to place him. No poet has reported the characteristics of Irish scenery, the heartbeats of Irish patriotism, with a more instructed vision for the one, or a more enthusiastic feeling for the other. Earth hues and sky tints float in his verse as if reflected by the crystal wave of the Shannon or Suir. His were the eyes that saw, his were the ears that heard, and small as is the body of his work, it entitles him to a proud place and enduring fame in the Irish anthology.

Like Griffin, this poet is virginal in passion, a devout dreamer, a tender ascetic. And as did the mythical Kevin, he will flee from the blue eyes of Kathleen, "eyes of most unholy blue." Nay, if she pursue him too far, seeking to tempt his sacred vows, let her beware the anger of the mystic solitary, guarding his treasure of holiness with a fearful care. Let her think on Glendalough and its gloomy wave!

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The poetry of Callanan and Griffin calls up many a haunting vision of Innisfail, the Sacred Isle. This is one I often see at the bidding of the gentle poet: It is a green land, of a greenness unmatched elsewhere, and over it the peace of the Sabbath is brooding. Yonder is a gray ruin, its garniture of ivy and climbing wild-flowers hiding old wounds that mutely tell some glorious story of the long ago—perchance of blood that was shed in vain, of heroes who sleep unnamed, forgotten. See, there is a modest church, with its low spire and simple black cross, that most speaking emblem of human faith, cherished by this people as I believe by no other. A bell is slowly ringing to Mass, and there is a whisper at my heart that if I wait and watch with faith like unto theirs, mayhap I shall see among those quiet faces one whom I too early lost and whose anxious love shines upon me from the mists of childhood.

Ah, me! The Irish Muse was indeed a saint, and the poet offered at her shrine the homage of his purity and flawless faith. These minstrels often sang of love and touched the higher chords, but of that earthly love which is fiercer than fire, yea, which is sometimes more bitter than death, they knew nothing. I believe this acrid human passion too is needful, and greater poets than they have enforced the tragic truth. Yet the rare purity of these elect singers touches with infinite pathos. It is of a like strain with the sadness of their lives, their idealized patriotism, their untimely decline.

It is distinction enough for poor Callanan, if no more might be claimed for him, that he has given us *Gougaune Barra,* which has a charm for me that I cannot hope to convey to my readers. Born in the land whose living breast nurtured the poets we have been studying, I was so early removed as to be unable to retain any impressions save those which are stamped on the memory of childhood. The effort to combine these images into a picture intelligible to my mature sense—to find the magic sesame to that enchanted period—has, I confess, often occupied me, since the natural interest in one's birthright may plead for such a vanity. I have had only partial success in this attempt to recreate a child's paradise,—for the poorest environment may be that—and have therefore had recourse to Irish poetry of the familiar sort,

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in quest of some clue to these broken memories. This was, of course, to part with my earliest faith, since no poetry, the work of ripened minds, can hope to bear the least resemblance to that divine quality which makes the vision of the child. After one has ceased to believe in the gold at the foot of the rainbow, there is an end to one's first poetry.

For some reason growing vaguely out of these early and disjointed associations, I have always been especially fond of some pieces of Callanan's. Nor (I should hope) am I to be suspected of an undue preference on the ground that the poet was himself a native of the noble county of Cork. My Irish citizenship is scarcely vivid enough for that. Yet, as I would say, Callanan has done much in helping me to realize the birthright of romance to which I fell heir unwittingly, and *Gougaune Barra* embodies for me the wildness and sweetness of the Irish poetical inspiration.

There is a green island in lone Gougaune Barra,
Whence Allua of songs rushes forth like an arrow;
In deep-valleyed Desmond a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.
There grows the wild ash; and a time-stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow,
As, like some gay child that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

And its zone of dark hills—O! to see them all bright'ning,
When the tempest flings out its red banner of lightning,
And the waters come down, 'mid the thunder's deep rattle,
Like clans from their hill at the voice of the battle;
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Mallow the eagles are screaming;
O, where is the dwelling, in valley or highland,
So meet for a bard as this lone little island?

High sons of the lyre! O, how proud was the feeling
To dream while alone through that solitude stealing;
Though loftier minstrels green Erin can number,
I alone waked the strain of her harp from its slumber,
And glean'd the gray legend that long had been sleeping,
Where oblivion's dull mist o'er its beauty was creeping,
From the love which I felt for my country's sad story,
When to love her was shame, to revile her was glory!

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Least bard of the free! were it mine to inherit
The fire of thy harp and the wing of thy spirit,
With the wrongs which, like thee, to my own land have bound me,
Did thy mantle of song throw its radiance around me;
Yet, yet on those bold cliffs might Liberty rally,
And abroad send her cry o'er the deep of each valley.
But rouse thee, vain dreamer! no fond fancy cherish;
Thy vision of Freedom in bloodshed must perish.

I, too, shall be gone—though my name may be spoken
When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken:—
Some minstrel will come in the summer eve's gleaming,
When Freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,
To bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
Where calm Avonbuee seeks the kisses of ocean,
And plant a wild wreath from the banks of that river,
O'er the heart and the harp that are silent forever!

Thomas Davis's *Lament for Owen Roe* has been called the most pathetic elegy in the language. Callanan's *Dirge for O'Sullivan Beare,* purporting to be a translation out of the original Irish, is assuredly the fiercest. If you have read Mr. Froude's powerful story, *The Two Chiefs of Dunboy*—and if not, I would urge you to read it—you require no introduction to Morty Oge, the famous smuggling patriot of the eighteenth century. Mr. Froude has characterized this Irish rebel with his usual force and, it must be added, his usual animus in respect to an Irish subject. There were critics who fell foul of Mr. Froude when the novel was published, and who did not scruple to remind him that his *forte* was for writing fiction in the guise of history. However that may be, *The Two Chiefs of Dunboy* is literature, and though the picture it presents of Ireland at the epoch treated is often discolored by the writer's innate prejudice, I am thankful to Mr. Froude for having done the book if for no other reason than that it helps me to realize the poetical motive of Callanan's *Dirge.* It would not be easy to cite from the whole range of Irish ballad literature a piece that so vividly exhibits in little the tragic history of this people. Alas! the dirge of Morty Oge, the reckless darling of his people, betrayed to a foul death by one of his own race whom he had favored and protected—is it

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not the ground-note of all that sad history? Bearing in mind the religious character of the Irish peasantry—more deeply emphasized then than now—the maledictions of this poem take on a fearful interest. Read Mr. Froude's thrilling chapter on the Death of O'Sullivan Beare (which I think is well worth most of the fiction that has since appeared) and you may then, in some slight degree, realize the terrible pathos of Callanan's *Dirge*.

The sun on Ivera
  No longer shines brightly;
The voice of her music
  No longer is sprightly;
No more to her maidens
  The light dance is dear,
Since the death of our darling,
  O'Sullivan Beare.

Had he died calmly,
  I would not deplore him;
Or if the wild strife
  Of the sea-war closed o'er him;
But with ropes round his white limbs
  Thro' oceans to trail him,
Like a fish after slaughter,
  'Tis therefore I wail him.

Long may the curse
  Of his people pursue them;
Scully,* that sold him,
  And soldiers that slew him!
One glimpse of Heaven's light
  May they see never!
May the hearth-stone of hell
  Be their best bed forever!

In the hole which the vile hands
  Of soldiers had made thee;
Unhonored, unshrouded,
  And headless they laid thee.
No sigh to regret thee,
  No eye to rain o'er thee,
No dirge to lament thee,
  No friend to deplore thee!

* The informer.

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Dear head of my darling,
How gory and pale
These aged eyes saw thee,
High spiked on their jail!
That cheek in the summer sun
Ne'er shall grow warm;
Nor that eye e'er catch light,
But the flash of the storm!

A curse, blessed ocean,
Is on thy green water,
From the haven of Cork,
To Ivera of slaughter;
Since thy billows were dyed
With the red wounds of fear
Of Muiertach Oge,
Our O'Sullivan O'Beare!

In this paper and the preceding one I have dealt with a group of Irish poets whose lives offer a pathetic interest from resembling causes, and who were filled with that spirit which has given birth to an unique literature. But you are not to think that even with these, "high sons of the lyre" though they be, we have done more than to open the book of Irish balladry. I shall make bold to pronounce that ballad literature the finest in the world. The dominant note is one of lament for the lost liberty of Erin. Often a single deathless song is all that we have of the poet. Scattered over a period of about three hundred years, born of an oppression without parallel and a resistance without precedent, of a struggle ever renewed and ever defeated, this ballad literature of Ireland, of the Irish soil and of the Irish heart, is the priceless treasure of a people that has lost everything beside. No literature in the world has more vitality than this—to say that it is written in blood and tears is to speak without metaphor. Ireland may well rejoice her sad heart with this glorious possession—the testament of her martyrs, the pledge of her fealty, the witness of her undying hope.

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STATESMANSHIP AND THE UNIVERSITIES

CLAYTON COLMAN HALL

IT is a coincidence that the three most prominent candidates for the office of President of the United States at the recent election are all university graduates and more or less closely associated with university administration. Mr. Taft is a graduate of Yale and a member of the corporation; Mr. Roosevelt is a graduate of Harvard and one of its board of overseers; while Mr. Wilson is a graduate of Princeton and also of the Johns Hopkins University, where he took his degree as doctor of philosophy, and was for eight years, before his election as Governor of New Jersey, president of Princeton, having previously been a member of the faculty in that university and at Johns Hopkins.

Mr. Taft, before his election to the Presidency, had held high judicial office, and was at one time indorsed by his predecessor and political foster-father as specially qualified for the office of Chief Executive, having received a special course of training in public affairs as a member of the Cabinet, by experience on special diplomatic errands to Japan and the Vatican, and as Civil Governor of the Philippine Islands.

Both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Wilson are prolific writers. Many of the books of the former relate to his personal experiences in ranch life, in the hunting of big game and in campaigning with the rough riders during the war with Spain, and well illustrate the remarkable vitality and versatility of the author. The books of Mr. Wilson relate to American history and the principles of government as established in the United States.

For the proper performance of work involving responsibility and requiring skill, whether it be the building of a railroad bridge, the healing of the sick, or the making of a watch or a pair of shoes, it is generally recognized that special preparation by long and careful training is required; in short, that before a man can deal successfully with a difficult subject it is necessary for him to understand it.

In the selection of candidates for the high office of President

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of the United States this qualification has not always been deemed necessary. Party expediency has been the first consideration, and a capacity to hold the party together and to get votes has been considered the first requisite in a candidate, who must therefore be acceptable to the party politicians. In this way the qualities of a successful politician have too often been regarded as of paramount importance, and statesmanship has been deemed a secondary consideration.

So much has this been the case that a correspondent of the London *Daily Mail* writing in July last of the nomination of Mr. Wilson, in whom he recognized an accomplished student of history, of civilization and of the science of government, pronounced his nomination to be a new departure in American politics, declaring that "He belongs, in fact, much more to the class of public men we are accustomed to in England than to the class that has hitherto pretty well dominated American affairs."

The founders of the American Republic were statesmen, the peers of those of the old world who were trained in the exercise of statecraft. Professor Taussig, in the *Tariff History of the United States,* notes the evidence of a decline in statesmanlike ability in this country in the way the tariff came to be treated as a political rather than an economic question, about fifty years after the time of the Revolution. He says of the tariff of 1828: "Taken by itself, that act is but a stray episode in our political history. It illustrates the change in the character of our public men and our public life which took place during the Jacksonian time."* And again of the tariff act five years later: "Considered as a political measure the act of 1833 may deserve consideration. As an economic measure there is little to be said about it."† The influence of party politics has dominated subsequent tariff legislation.

But if there has been a decline in statesmanship, there has been of recent years an abundance of intellectual activity in other fields. The strides of science have been long and rapid. In medicine, in surgery, in physical and chemical science the progress is continuous, and the fascination of searching into and finding

* Taussig: p. 107.
† Taussig: p. 111.

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out the secrets of nature has enlisted the best efforts of many minds.

In an editorial article in the New York *Evening Post* of July 10, 1912, there is given under the title *The Scientific Atmosphere* a picture of the attitude of real scientists. The occasion of the article was a notice of an address by Mr. Balfour at the unveiling of a statue of Lord Bacon in front of Gray's Inn, London, on June 27, in which he dwelt upon the influence of Bacon in pointing out the true methods of scientific investigation and thus leading to the formation of what is now called "the scientific mind." The article, enlarging upon the subject, continues: "To-day we have the great company of thinkers and investigators round the globe devoting themselves to the refinements of research into nature. . . . Coöperation in science is increasingly efficient. One discovery prompts another, and each new triumph of man over the forces of nature—each new conquest of disease, each advance in the amelioration of the conditions under which men must live and work—is the signal for another. . . . Scientific ideals were never so high in the hearts of students as they are to-day, nor did the great task still before scientific investigators ever more powerfully appeal to devoted workers for the good of their kind."

This is an inspiring picture and we may admit that it is not overdrawn. But do these high ideals and this spirit of altruism always prevail where scientific study is pursued? The pioneers in the field of modern scientific discovery were seekers after truth and sought nothing else. Its discovery was their sole, and was deemed their exceeding great, reward. But upon the heels of new discoveries as to the forces of nature the spirit of invention was quick to follow. The practical application of new discoveries in chemistry and physics led to vast improvements in the methods of agriculture, and to the wonders of the manifold uses of electricity in transportation, in the transmission of speech, and of telegraphic communication through aerial spaces without visible medium of conduction. Great inventions have been accompanied by great pecuniary rewards to the inventors. And so the study of science has taken on a new aspect, and students have flocked to scientific schools not for any special love of

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science or of truth, but in order to learn the secrets of science that they may turn the knowledge to profitable account. This is a natural result, but under these conditions a school of science becomes in effect a school for technical training and ranks only with other professional schools, whether of law or engineering.

The effect of the enlargement of the field of activity in the domain of science has naturally resulted in great changes in the methods and requirements at the great universities. The attraction of science and the prospect of material reward from its pursuit have led to the neglect of those studies which two generations ago were held to comprise the whole of a liberal education—the humanities. The popular tendency is to magnify the importance of the schools of exact science at the expense of the schools of history, of philosophy, of literature and languages—those which tell of the development of humanity, and of the organization of human society and of civilization. This has conduced to a certain arrogance of mind on the part of some scientists who, themselves trained upon one line only, in the stern mental discipline of scientific investigation, imagined that by that training and that discipline alone is intellectual power developed. Some thirty years ago a professor in one of our great universities, a distinguished scientist, notable for his brilliant scientific achievements, but inconspicuous for any attainments in letters, was heard to rebuke a graduate student who had made some error in laboratory work which provoked the professor's ire, in these words: "Why do you try to study science? Why don't you go over to the literary side of the university *where brains are not required?*" It is in this contemptuous manner that minds narrowed by too intense specialization have sometimes been led to view the liberal arts.

At the commencement exercises of the Johns Hopkins University in June, the plans for the arrangement of buildings upon the new site at Homewood were made public. The published report of the announcement contains this statement: "On either side this (the main) quadrangle will be flanked by the four great laboratories of physics, geology, chemistry and biology, and at its western end will rise the largest building of the university, the academic or Gilman building, serving for both graduate and

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undergraduate work and at the same time housing the university's library and reading room."

Now what is the nature of the "graduate and undergraduate work" thus briefly referred to, that is to be conducted in this one building, described as the largest of the group, and the first, according to the announcement, upon which the work of construction will be begun? In it will be the schools of history, of philology, of literature, of political and economic science; here will be viewed in perspective the rise and fall of dynasties and of nations, and their causes sought; and here will be traced the evolution of civilization and the rules by which human society must be organized if stability is to be secured. Here too must be the schools of metaphysics, of ethics, of logic and of pure mathematics: in short, all that was formerly deemed necessary in a university, and without which it would not be entitled to the name.

These schools were not particularly mentioned in the announcement, probably because they were assumed to be present in the minds of all men when the university was spoken of, as though comprehended in the word. But unfortunately this cannot be assumed with certainty. On all sides are heard laments of the growth of commercialism, of utilitarianism, in education. And it is a natural growth if professional equipment be the sole end in view. We hear constantly of the contributions which science makes to industrial and material development, and the man in the street naturally comes to think that that is the aim and use of science, and that a school of science is valuable just in so far as it serves this end. In this way the true conception of a university and of its higher functions becomes obscured.

This confusion of purpose cannot attach in the same degree to the study of the liberal arts, the decline of which is now deplored. They were and are studied not so much with a view to immediate reward, but primarily with a view to the enlargement of the mind and the broadening of the mental vision; and it is in this field of study that a correct view of public questions may be obtained and their solution worked out. Here too is the place for setting up the highest ideals for the State and for the individual in his relations thereto.

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Political science is no less a science than physical science; but the methods of investigation are radically unlike. In natural science investigations are made under strict laboratory conditions with instruments of the highest precision and the deductions from observations are worked out with mathematical accuracy. In the field of political science, on the other hand, these conditions, necessary in the other case, are impossible. The problems are complex and the influences affecting them manifold. Conclusions must therefore be deduced, as in most human affairs, not by a mathematical formula, but from the weight, the preponderance, of evidence. The physical scientist regards such processes as loose and vague; but they require in fact the exercise of a higher quality of judgment and of reason because the primary observations of fact cannot be made with the same minuteness and precision.

The great universities set for themselves high standards as their aim. The seal of Harvard bears the word *Veritas* on the pages of open books. The motto of Yale is *Lux et Veritas;* that of the Johns Hopkins is *Veritas Vos Liberabit.* In all Truth is set up as the end to be sought, truth that shall enlighten, truth that shall free the mind, so that, liberated and liberal, it shall be open to all truth. But the idea of a university as a place for original investigation and research is of comparatively recent lodgment in this country. It first found expression in actual fact in 1876 with the establishment of the Johns Hopkins University. In an address delivered in Baltimore, February 22, 1902, upon the occasion of the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of that university, President Eliot of Harvard declared its great achievement to be "the creation of a school of graduate studies, which not only has been in itself a strong and potent school, but which has lifted every other university in the country in its development of arts and sciences." In an address delivered in April, 1910, to the alumni of that university in Washington, Mr. Bryce, the British Ambassador, paid this high tribute: "It has realized in the concrete that large and noble conception of a university which makes it not only a place for giving a general liberal education and for preparing men for the various professions and

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avocations in life to which they mean to apply their activities, but also for providing advanced courses of study in various great departments of knowledge which might be followed by those who had completed their liberal education and who desired to devote themselves to the discovery of new truths. Never in America, nor in England or Scotland, so far as I know, had this view of a university's function ever been carried into effect until Johns Hopkins appeared. It is a pioneer and has set an example which many other seats of learning have now followed to their own great profit." Upon the same subject the New York *Evening Post* in its issue of May 12, 1910, speaking editorially said: "American science and scholarship were placed on a new plane; in the course of fewer years than any one would have supposed possible, the standards of the leading American universities were brought up to the European level. Systematic research in every department of human knowledge gradually became a fully recognized function of our universities."

Scientific research upon modern lines and with modern methods of investigation is now firmly established the world over. Everywhere the earnest students of science are questioning that sphinx, nature, bidding her to speak and yield up the answers to her own riddles. And in physical science and in medical science great discoveries are being recorded. There is no danger of this inexhaustible field being abandoned or neglected. Is it not time then to look at some of the old fields of classic learning once assiduously cultivated, but which, amid the new fever caused by the discoveries in the gold mines of science, have been in a measure allowed to lie fallow? The solution of the problems of human society can be sought successfuly only by those who have studied them as problems, with a view to their solution, and in the light that is derived only from a scientific knowledge of the evolution of existing conditions from those that preceded, as the complex relations, political and economic, of modern civilization have been developed through the ages. It is as true now as it was three hundred years ago that "*La vraye science et le vray étude de l'homme c'est l'homme.*" To correct existing evils in the conditions of society and to anticipate and prevent worse consequences from ensuing—for there is need of

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preventive medicine in the body politic as well as in the material body—calls for statesmanship of the highest order. And where shall statesmen be trained and fitted for their grave responsibilities if it be not in the schools of philosophy and of the great universities? Statesmen cannot be trained and developed as a florist develops a particular variety of rose; but the soil and the atmosphere in which they may thrive can be provided, and these are not in the arena of fierce political strife, but in the schools where the problems at issue can be viewed dispassionately and in their true perspective and correlations. There is need for higher statesmanship at home and abroad, for modern conditions have produced a spirit of unrest everywhere. Senator Bailey of Texas in a speech at Washington on July 12, after referring to the conditions which precipitated the French Revolution, declared that "if within the next thirty years the country should continue to change as it has in the last thirty, we shall find ourselves face to face with such a condition."

Without being unduly alarmed at such forebodings, it is well to recognize the gravity of the problems now pressing for solution and the inequities in social conditions that demand rectification. The French Revolution was essentially a revolt against special privilege; a revolt of those burdened by excessive taxation against those who were exempt from its burdens though the possessors of great wealth. In this country we have gone further than that, and by means of duties imposed on foreign imports, increased by successive steps to rates far above those which fifty years ago were advocated and defended solely as a temporary measure rendered necessary by the exigencies of the civil war, we have made it possible for the domestic producers, in industries thus protected by the tariff, to exact from the people at large through artificially enhanced prices, the equivalent of a heavy tax on commodities which, in the guise of "increased cost of living," goes from the pockets of the oppressed consumers to the coffers of the privileged class of protected producers, without the intervention of the tax-gatherer and without adding a penny to the Government revenue or passing through the public treasury.

This same tariff, "the fruitful mother of trusts," as it has

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been called, has through the exclusion of foreign competition in fields where it would affect the price of commodities, made easy the combination of interests to stifle competition at home, and fix prices by agreement; and hence the gigantic trusts by which the oppression of the many for the enrichment of the few has been made more certain and secure.

The French Revolution was the result of the revolt of the many who were heavily laden with the entire burden of taxation, against the privileged class which was exempt. It remained for American ingenuity to devise a plan by which the many should be burdened for the direct enrichment of the privileged few. An inequitable distribution of wealth and the accumulation of enormous private fortunes are apt to be viewed with discontent on the part of the less favored. And if the inequalities are brought about by artificial means through vicious legislation, the condition furnishes an argument for the destructive doctrines of socialism and inflames the passions of the anarchist.

The high tariff on foreign goods was originally advocated as needed for the protection of young industries in a new country. When the absurdity of this argument became too obvious, another position was taken. It was declared that "the true principle" was to equalize the conditions of production with those in other countries, and so protect American labor from ruinous competition with less highly paid foreign labor. Meanwhile the American workman is being crowded out of the protected factories and his place taken by foreign-born men, women and children working at starvation wages, as was conspicuously shown by the incidents of the recent strike at Lawrence.

Political orators are fond of referring to the unfailing "common sense" of the American people, and it has generally proved worthy of the confidence expressed. In the early days of the Republic, in fact until a little more than fifty years ago, the American people were comparatively homogeneous, and the majority of them from the race which, from the time of Magna Charta and before, has demonstrated its singular capacity for self-government and love of individual liberty. But during the last half century a radical change has taken place in the composition of the population and is still in progress. According to

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the statistics of population compiled by the Census Bureau, the native white population of the United States born of native parents constitutes less than 54 per cent.—a little more than one-half—of the total population. The foreign born and the native of foreign parentage constitute 35 per cent. of the total, and the negroes nearly 11 per cent. During the decade preceding the year 1910 the foreign-born population increased in number more than 3,000,000, in spite of a decrease in the number of inhabitants born in Germany, Ireland and Wales—countries from which formerly the greater and the more valuable portion of immigration was derived—to the extent of nearly 600,000, showing a total increase from other countries of more than 3,700,000. This marks a significant change in the racial character of immigration and consequently in the composition of the population. Many of these recent immigrants come from countries in which no preparation for participation in public affairs by the exercise of the franchise could possibly be obtained, and some of them come from races which have for centuries manifested an incapacity for self-government. Moreover these immigrants are not always drawn from the more intelligent and law-abiding inhabitants of their respective countries, and many of them, crowded into the larger cities of this country, instead of contributing to the development of resources, greatly increase the difficulties of municipal administration and contribute to swell the annals of crime. After a brief residence a large portion of the males among these immigrants, aliens to American institutions and traditions, may acquire the franchise, their qualifications for citizenship being often little better than those of the multitude of ignorant negroes, removed at most by but a few generations from barbarism, and possessing no ideas at all upon public or political questions, into whose hands after the close of the civil war the ballot was thrust, and with it the dignity of American citizenship, not for the good of the republic or the good of the negro, but in order to meet the exigencies of a political party and extend its lease of power. Of such mixed material the "American people" is now composed. The country owes much to its thrifty foreign-born citizens who, like the original colonists, have taken their part in reclaiming the wilder-

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ness, in developing the resources of the land and in the upbuilding of the nation. Numbers of them, among whom the late Carl Schurz was a distinguished example, have become eminent in the national councils; but it cannot be denied that in recent immigration are contained many elements that give but remote promise of successful assimilation as useful components of the body politic. Without proper regulation of immigration and greater restrictions upon naturalization, the time may not be far distant when that portion of the population which by inheritance and tradition is devoted to the principles of American government and American liberty will constitute a minority of the whole electorate.*

The "dependencies" acquired as a result of the war with Spain also present grave problems as to how a republic is to exercise imperial authority over subject races in remote quarters of the earth. These dependencies in the Orient have already cost vast sums of treasure, while the chief results consist of the imposition of a demoralizing service upon a portion of the army, and the necessity for ever-increasing vigilance against the introduction of "old shapes of dread disease" from which the western continent until recent years enjoyed a happy immunity.

Some causes of social unrest, such as those pertaining to the mutual relations of capital and labor, are old as well as new and world-wide in their operation; but the subjects which have been mentioned above, the tariff, the trusts, immigration and imperialism, present problems which are peculiarly our own. They are the products of the legislation and the policies of the past, and therefore the resulting conditions are artificial in character. Evils which have been created by vicious or unwise legislation it is the function of wise and sane legislation carefully and judiciously to correct and remove.

But for the solution of these problems there is need for statesmanship of the highest order. They cannot be successfully dealt with by politicians whose chief aim is party supremacy and the spoils of office; and they cannot be successfully dealt

* In 1910, according to the Census reports, the native white persons of native parentage constituted less than one-third of the population in Massachusetts and Rhode Island. In Connecticut and New York the proportion was but little greater (about 35 per cent.).

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with by shallow demagogues unable to distinguish between an intelligent public opinion and ignorant popular clamor, but who, always listening to the latter, will advocate without regard to ultimate consequences any political nostrum that promises popularity for themselves.

The solution of social and political problems can only be worked out by the scientific study of humanity and of human political, social and industrial institutions. It cannot be discovered either in the laboratory or the hospital. But it lies with those who have learned in political science to look beneath the surface for the cause, and to recognize that, as in medicine, a cure can be wrought, not by treating the symptoms with palliatives, but only by attacking the disease. Agitators who, whether unduly alarmed through ignorance, or consciously acting in the spirit of the demagogue, seek by dilating upon existing evils to set class against class, merely aggravate the conditions and so make the removal of their causes, which is the work of real statesmen, more difficult.

It has been recognized that little more than a third of a century has elapsed since "systematic research in every department of human knowledge gradually became a fully recognized function of our universities." If within that time circumstances have led to a greater measure of attention being given to the exact sciences, it may now well be that those universities will best serve the public interests in the immediate future which are first and best in historical investigation and in the study of the science of law and of government in its application to the vital questions affecting the well-being of human society and of this commonwealth, and now awaiting solution; from whose halls will come forth men qualified to help in the formation of an enlightened public opinion and to take a guiding part in public affairs; men who, speaking above the strife of tongues, can say with an authority which commands attention: "This is the way, walk ye in it."

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ST. JOHN HANKIN

JOHN DRINKWATER

ST. JOHN EMILE CLAVERING HANKIN died in 1909, at the age of thirty-nine. To discuss the circumstances of his death would be an irrelevancy that could serve no useful purpose. The only word that need be said in this connection is in answer to an ill-considered suggestion that the event was hastened by some sense of disappointment, an unsatisfied hunger for recognition. All artists of real distinction are alike in being proud of their work; they differ only, for temperamental reasons, in the manner of expressing their pride. Reserve in this matter is not necessarily the virtue of modesty, nor, on the other hand, do we think the less of the makers who have foretold that their rhymes should be more durable than marble monuments. St. John Hankin was proud of his work, and made frank avowal of the fact. "You always think so well of your own plays, Hankin," said a colleague. "Of course I do," was the reply, "otherwise I shouldn't continue to write them." The statement implies no undue self-satisfaction. He was not easily content with the thing he had written, and was a finely conscientious workman in revision and the search for rightness in balance and form. But the task done, he was glad to stand by it, and said so. It is, however, a deep injustice to his memory to suppose that this frankness sprang from any overweening concern for his immediate reputation, and mere folly to add that it affords any clue as to the cause of his last act. In the first place, artists do not die of wounded pride. Keats was not "snuffed out by an article," but by an organic disease, and even Chatterton's tragedy might have been averted by a few shillings a week. Secondly, Hankin had already received a large measure of the only kind of recognition that he valued. He was not forced to write for money, and he neither expected nor wished his plays to be readily accepted by the general public. He was deliberately in the camp of the pioneers, and did not look for the rewards of conformity. But his work had won the approval of progressive audiences, and had been acclaimed by the

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most liberal critical opinion. The new repertory movement in the theatre, upon which he himself exercised so important an influence, was in turn recognizing him as one of its most notable products. His name was one of credit among the people who were seeking to quicken a stage that had grown moribund, and the knowledge that this was so gave him just and genuine pleasure. He was working with a clearly-defined aim, and he was achieving his purpose as rapidly as any man can hope to do. St. John Hankin the neglected and disappointed dramatist is a myth. At the time of his death he was winning and enjoying the best kind of success, and his end was one of those untimely accidents of temperament and physical circumstance that we are wise to accept without too curious analysis. Nor would it be profitable to speculate as to what might have been added to his achievement had his life been prolonged. We have to consider his work as it stands, and examine the grounds upon which its claims to permanence may be established.

The decadence of English drama, that began with the passing away of the Elizabethans and has been arrested only in our own day, has commonly been supposed to have been the penalty paid for the neglect of life. By decadence we do not mean a lack of superficial and momentary success. Every age has produced its harvest of plays that would attract and hold large, if uncritical, audiences, and they have not always been wholly bad plays. The great mass of them have, indeed, been radically deficient in true dramatic sense, and, by substituting violent events and action for ideas and character focussed into action, have vulgarized a great art. But a substantial minority have been the product of sincere observation and some feeling for character. And yet, the plays written in England between the end of the Shakespearian age and the beginning of the present generation that are of indisputable excellence when put to the test of the stage and also survive the processes of time, might be numbered at a bare dozen; certainly no more. The Restoration dramatists would contribute two or three between them; Goldsmith claims one, perhaps two; Sheridan two, possibly three. The list is not easily to be lengthened. On the other hand, most of the poets of high rank have written plays, and

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in many cases plays that are immortal, but only by virtue of qualities that are not stage qualities. Action is not essential to the stage, but in its absence there must at least be some direct progression of idea or spiritual conflict that shall perform its office of holding the attention of an audience. The poets have, justly, thrown action from its usurped station in drama, but they have failed either to use it in proper measure or to substitute its equivalent, and for this reason their influence has been deflected from the theatre. We have, then, the few plays that have held the stage and still live; the poets' plays that are imperishable but do not fulfil the requirements of the stage; the large number of plays that sought only a momentary and sensational success and could not, by reason of their essential abuse of dramatic art, achieve more. And there are left those plays, cumulatively through the generations a large number, that had in them some sincerity and conscience and also a measure of fitness for the stage, and have yet passed into oblivion. If we ask ourselves why these plays have perished, we find that the suggestion that the stage had divorced itself from life leaves the question unanswered. The truth is that the stage fell upon evil days not because it divorced itself from life, but because it divorced itself from literature. Literature means style in the expression of life, and if we look at those plays that paid some heed to life and adjusted it with skill to the theatre, we find that the one supreme quality that they lacked is style. The poets have always brought this quality to the drama, but they have neglected the rightful demands of the stage in other things. Drama that shall succeed in the theatre and also be a permanent addition to the art of the world can only spring from the union of an understanding of stage-craft and the faculty of at once seeing and apprehending life and character, or at least manners, and bringing to their expression that discipline of language which is style.

The loftiest style is employed in the service of poetry. When the impulse to express the thing seen passes beyond a certain degree of urgency the expression takes on a new quality of rhythmical force, shaping itself generally into verse. The difference between fine prose and fine verse is fundamentally rather one of

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urgency, of intensity, than of beauty. The greatest verse may have a loveliness that is not to be found in the greatest prose, but this beauty is a result of the essential distinction, not the distinction itself. It is for this reason that our new drama, full as it is of hope and even achievement, does not yet make any serious challenge to that of the Elizabethans. With two or three exceptions, the plays that we have produced have not been forced by the sheer strength of their begetting impulse into poetic form. But many of them have already been so forced into style, a style lower than the highest, but of clear authenticity, and these are plays too that are fitted to the requirements of stage presentation. We have not yet regained our lost estate, but we are realizing that it is worth regaining, and already the result is a quickening of our dramatic perception. A knowledge of life and the theatre is no longer considered sufficient equipment for the playwright, and men of real literary gifts, men, that is, with the gift of style, are seeking first to understand the theatre so that they may bring their labors to its service. The stage is renewing its old relation to literature, and that is the most wholesome thing that has happened to the stage for three centuries. It was St. John Hankin's privilege and distinction to be one of the first dramatists in England to help in the establishment of this reunion. The great worth of his plays lies not in their philosophy; after all, the Eustace Jacksons of the world have never lacked persuasive and perfectly logical advocates, and Mrs. Cassilis only invents a new trick to emphasize a very old truth. It is not in the technical excellence of their stage-craft; they are often merciless to producer and actors, and St. John Hankin's stage has a habit of resolving itself into a veritable chess-board. They will take a permanent place in the theatre because they are, on the whole and in spite of their flaws in this respect, constructed for action on the stage, and their expression of the dramatist's view of life is vibrant with style from beginning to end.

The distinction between writing that has this quality of style and writing that lacks it is not the distinction between the same thing well and ill said; it is the distinction between two entirely different things. It is the difference between the dull acceptance

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which is knowledge, and the swift realization which is imaginative thought. The former might induce a man to speak of one dead as, say, having "escaped from a very worrying world and the annoyances of jealous and unjust people and the disappointments of life in general," but it is clearly a mistake to suppose that he experiences or expresses the same spiritual emotion as the man who cries out:

> He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
> Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
> And that unrest which men miscall delight
> Can touch him not and torture not again;
> From the contagion of the world's slow stain
> He is secure, and now can never mourn
> A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
> Nor when the spirit's self has ceased to burn
> With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

The difference here is that between formal assent and vision. Ultimately it is sincerity that creates style, and sincerity has been lost to our theatre save for brief interludes until these new dramatists once again began to write not from rumor but from conscience. Those momentarily successful plays that presented life not altogether distorted and at the same time fulfilled the technical requirements of the stage perished because their virtues were not really sincere. Their makers said the right thing because it was commonly reported to be the right thing, and not from conviction, and consequently said it ill, which, artistically, amounted to not saying it at all. Lacking the sincerity which should result in style, they lacked the power of complete utterance, and in art a thing either is completely said or it does not exist. We must not, of course, confuse completeness with overelaboration; reticence is often the spirit of style. Completeness implies the embodiment of the creative ecstasy of the artist with the actual statement made, and this ecstasy cannot exist apart from the strictest sincerity.

Among the many vague generalities that have gained currency among us, none is more thoughtless than the pronouncement that art should imitate nature. It should do nothing of

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the sort. When Oscar Wilde asserted that, on the contrary, nature imitates art, he was only refuting, with his usual fantastic gaiety, what he knew to be a shallow conventionalism. It would need a good deal of ingenious sophistry for such an ideal to find a more excellent realization than the photograph and the gramophone. Nature—life—becomes art only by concentration and selection. A play focusses into two hours the selected and concentrated experience of many lives, and it finds an expression that is correspondingly artificial and purged. Its failure to do this is the measure of its failure as a work of art. It is for this reason that the greatest drama is the poetic drama, where the expression reaches the highest artificiality, and the symbol most consistently takes the place of the traditional formula of speech. To say that a play is true to life, in the sense that it is an unshaped extract from life, and that its people speak in life-like speech, is utterly to condemn it. Those plays of which I have spoken frequently preserved, when they were not couched in fustian rhetoric, the most exact parallel to the daily use of conversation. The point is that in either case they were the result of hearsay and not of imagination; they accepted without question either the false rumors of literature which their authors had never examined, or the current speech of daily life which had lost all freshness and a great deal of its meaning. Ibsen paused to consider this question before making his plays, or perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that, bringing real creative impulse to his work, he necessarily rejected at the outset the false doctrines of common acceptance. St. John Hankin was one of the men who, consciously or not, profited by the example. His characters are as far removed as possible in expression from a debased tradition of literary grandiosity, and, on the other hand, they are far from reaching high imaginative utterance. But their speech is, nevertheless, definitely one of the imagination:

HENRY. It was extremely undignified and quite unnecessary. If you had simply come up to the front door and rung the bell you would have been received just as readily.

EUSTACE. I doubt it. In fact, I doubt if I should have been

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received at all. I might possibly have been given a bed for the night, but only on the distinct understanding that I left early the next morning. Whereas now nobody talks of my going. A poor invalid! In the doctor's hand! Perfect quiet essential. No. My plan was best.

HENRY. Why didn't that fool Elaisher see through you?

EUSTACE. Doctors never see through their patients. It's not what they're paid for, and it's contrary to professional etiquette. [*Henry snorts wrathfully*] Besides, Elaisher's an ass, I'm glad to say.

HENRY. [*Fuming*] It would serve you right if I told the Governor the whole story.

EUSTACE. I daresay. But you won't. It wouldn't be cricket. Besides, I only told you on condition you kept it to yourself.

HENRY. [*Indignant*] And so I'm to be made a partner in your fraud. The thing's a swindle, and I've got to take a share in it.

EUSTACE. Swindle? Not a bit. You've lent a hand—without intending it—to reuniting a happy family circle. Smoothed the way for the Prodigal's return. A very beautiful trait in your character.

HENRY. [*Grumpy*] What I don't understand is why you told me all this. Why in heaven's name didn't you keep the whole discreditable story to yourself?

EUSTACE. [*With flattering candor*] The fact is I was pretty sure you'd find me out. The Governor's a perfect owl, but you've got brains—of a kind. You can see a thing when it's straight before your nose. So I thought I'd let you into the secret from the start, just to keep your mouth shut.

HENRY. Tck! [*Thinks for a moment*] And what are you going to do now you are at home?

EUSTACE. [*Airily*] Do, my dear chap? Why, nothing.

[*And on the spectacle of Eustace's smiling self-assurance, and Henry's outraged moral sense, the curtain falls.*]

That is not the speech of daily life. No two brothers ever talked to each other or could talk so. There is in their conversation something added to the actual argument between the two

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men, and this addition is the imagination of St. John Hankin. Eustace and Henry Jackson are not wholly creatures of their own independent being; they exist partly in terms of their creator's temperament and vision, and they justly and inevitably bear witness to this fact in their utterance. The philosophy that finds a spark of the Godhead in every man is relatively applicable to art. The creature bears in him some token of the Creator, and unless he does so he is deprived of his proudest right. The dramatist whose characters are set out photographically, not reflected through the distinctive medium of his own personality, does not create at all, and he has no claim to consideration as an artist. He may catch the verisimilitude of speech, but the spirit with which he should invest words must necessarily be beyond his consciousness, and his expression will remain untranslated into style.

It is a curious fact that this essential condition of all art should have been so often overlooked in dramatic criticism whilst its importance has been consistently recognized in the discussion of the other arts. A poem or a picture or a statue is accounted as deficient in the finer parts of its being unless it bears in its composition some signature of its source, and yet for some obscure reason we have been asked to consider it as a virtue that a play should be as a bough lopped from the tree of life, unshaped and showing no pressure of the artist's hand. The great dramatists have never bestowed their approval on this monstrous notion by their practice. The art of the dramatist is, indeed, more essentially objective than that of his fellows, but objectivity in art does not imply an abortive dissociation of the thing seen from the eyes that see. Strangely enough, St. John Hankin, who realized this truth always in his art, appeared to lend support to its violation in an essay otherwise full of admirable reason. "It is the dramatist's business," he says, "to represent life, not to argue about it." It is, perhaps, not special pleading to suggest that in speaking of argument he had in mind the distortion of life to make it conform to fore-ordained ends. The sentence is to be found in the *Note on Happy Endings,* where he justly resents the sentimental intrusion of expediency on the dramatist's conception of truth. His protest

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would seem to be made rather against the sophistical devices of argument than against argument in the shape of commentary, but, with so important an issue at stake, he would have done well to have considered his statement more carefully. However this may be, it is clear that all dramatists who have written sincerely have not only represented life, but argued about it. The very texture of their expression, as in the passage that has been quoted, is an implicit argument about life, in that it knits up the artist's temperament into the speech of his characters. But the argument has always been explicit also, a deliberate as well as an incidental commentary. The Greek chorus was, fundamentally, a device employed by the poet whereby he might exercise this privilege of argument. The characters that he created might be allowed to work out their own destiny as far as he could enable them to do so by virtue of his experience of life; but he was careful to reserve his right of commentary upon the process. The æsthetic value of this determination is obvious. Our demand of the artist is that he should show us not life, but his vision of life. The earliest English drama made frank allowance of this right, an allowance too frank, indeed, to be artistically sound. The explicit argument was not clearly cut off from the characterization as it had been by the Greeks, nor was it yet woven into the fibre of the characterization in the manner attempted by the Elizabethans. And the Elizabethans themselves were not blameless in this matter. In rejecting the classical model, Shakespeare set himself the most difficult of his technical problems. His magnificent genius justified its own choice, but the soliloquy was, inherently, a less perfect artistic form than the chorus. The greatest difficulty in the loyal presentation of Shakespeare's plays is in dealing convincingly with these choric soliloquies. To adopt the line of least resistance and cut them out, as is commonly done, is merely to maim the poet. Shakespeare felt the artistic necessity of comment upon his creations, but in blurring the dividing line between his dramatic and choric statement instead of defining it sharply he deprived his audience of help to which it has a legitimate claim. But difficulty is no excuse for inefficiency, and no Shakespearian production is of the slightest æsthetic value that does not

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honestly seek to meet the difficulty instead of resorting to cowardly evasion.

The demands of art upon the artist are inexorable. The artist finds certain requirements imposed upon him by his work from which there is no escape. And one of these is this necessity of the chorus, or the poet's argument in drama. The whole significance of the chorus in the drama of the theatre had fallen into neglect and oblivion, because the plays of the theatre were being written by men who had no sincerity of artistic impulse. And then, as soon as men once more bring their conscience to this work and write sincerely as artists, we find the necessity reasserting itself in spite of any reasoned denial. The new dramatists, of whom St. John Hankin was one of the ablest and sincerest, seemed to be determined that the construction of their plays should follow a false tradition at least in this, that it should not allow anything to interfere with the development of the action. But they were too good artists to be able to carry out their own determination. Being sincere, and creating characters instead of cutting them out with a pair of scissors, they found it necessary, as we have seen, to invest them with something of their own temper, and that in itself wholesomely disturbed the mechanical continuity that had become a fetish. Here was the beginning of regeneration, and the beginning forced its own growth. Having brought implicit argument back to the drama, they felt an artistic desire for argument that was explicit. Not being quite sure of themselves, they refrained from satisfying the desire openly and they started a new tradition, which will, it is safe to prophesy, prove nothing more than the prelude to a return to the frank acceptance of an essential artistic necessity. They invented the stage direction. Not the old direction that set out a stage and brought people on to it and off again, but a new full-bodied thing that enabled them to do something which their art compelled them to do.

GENERAL BONSOR. [*Too broken with the world's ingratitude to protest further*] Boring! [*Follows Miss Triggs, shaking his poor old head. There is a pause while we realize that one of the most tragic things in life is to be a bore—and to know*

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it. Mrs. Eversleigh, however, not being cursed with the gift of an imaginative sympathy, wastes no pity on the General. Instead of this she turns to her sister, and, metaphorically speaking, knocks her out of the ring]

That is pure chorus, and nothing else. And again:

MRS. JACKSON. But what became of your money, dear? The thousand pounds your father gave you?

EUSTACE. I lost it.

MRS. JACKSON. [*Looking vaguely round as if Eustace might have dropped it somewhere on the carpet, in which case, of course, it ought to be picked up before some one treads on it*] Lost it?

This is as clear in intention as a chorus of Trojan women, and instances are to be found on nearly every page of the authentic artists who are re-establishing the credit of our theatre. They are, indeed, to be found on the pages only, not yet on the stage in their complete and rightful authority, but the fact that they are conceived and written is evidence of the return of a perfectly sound instinct. The most complete attempts to give this elemental desire natural expression that have yet been made in modern drama are, perhaps, to be found in certain of Mr. Yeats' plays and in the Gaffer of Mr. Masefield's *Nan*.

The Two Mr. Wetherbys was written in 1902. Before that date St. John Hankin had worked as dramatic and literary critic, and was known as a contributor to *Punch*. He had by him, too, the usual sheaf of plays, and was wise enough to leave them in their pigeon-holes when his reputation as a dramatist might have lent them a value not their own. He looked upon *The Two Mr. Wetherbys* as the first achievement by which he cared to stand. *Mr. Punch's Dramatic Sequels* was published in 1901, but its wit is relatively immature and not comparable with that of his *Lost Masterpieces*, published three years later. Between 1902 and his death he wrote seven plays and began an eighth, and it is upon these that his reputation rests. In *The Two Mr. Wetherbys* certain of his qualities appear almost in their full development, others scarcely at all. The faculty of writing dialogue, the style, the salty wit and the debonair, faintly

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cynical philosophy of life, are all there. But there is as yet nothing of the deeper humor and the real tenderness that were to throw their gracious charity over the mocking satire of the later plays, nor is the artistic sincerity yet perfect. It is the only one of his plays that has a conventionally happy ending of the kind that he laughed at so vigorously in the preface from which I have already quoted, and it is the only one that ends unsatisfactorily. In sending Dick and Constantia off to inevitable domestic tribulation he may have had his tongue in his cheek, but, if so, the humor was too subtle to be safe, involving as it did a direct negation of his own conviction. The whole question of the destiny of the artists' creations is necessarily one that each artist must decide for himself. St. John Hankin quite rightly decided that the romantic conclusions popularly favored were false. It does not follow that they are false to life or to another artist's view of life, but simply that they were false for him. They are, indeed, commonly enough so contrived as to fail altogether in artistic conviction, but this does not affect their radical fitness when conceived by the right temperament. Eustace Jackson's engagement to Stella Farringford would, doubtless, have trebled the popularity of *The Return of the Prodigal,* but any balance in our knowledge of life, or, more particularly, in our knowledge of Hankin's vision of life, precludes us from deploring his refusal to sanction such an event; but we are, none the less, profoundly disturbed by the accident that prevents the consummation of Romeo's love for Juliet. It is the prerogative of passion to take no account of institutions or social expediency. Great poets in their most passionate seasons create without reference to anything save their own burning conception. Love's moment is for them an immortal term which is independent of any subsequent reaction or retribution. But it was Hankin's limitation as an artist that he could not see life detached from such institutions and expediencies. He could see clearly but not very deeply; his characters are alive and considered from many points of view, but he was never able to divest them of the rags of circumstance. The danger of passion was, in consequence, a more real thing for him than its glory. Much as he did for the renascence of drama in many ways, he was yet far from

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bringing reason under the fine subjection of the imagination. Eustace's marriage to Stella would have been a catastrophe only because these people were created by Hankin's temperament; a greater imagination might have made such an event triumphant. An artist, however, is not to be censured for his limitations, but only for his refusal to recognize and work within them. Of the higher things of passion Hankin was incapable, but he was wisely content to acknowledge the incapacity, and, working consistently within his powers, he rediscovered certain artistic principles of first-rate importance, in the expression of an impulse not of the highest order, yet in itself of no mean value.

The Return of the Prodigal, which followed the *Wetherbys,* was written in 1904. Not only have the qualities that were found in the earlier play matured, but there are new qualities discovered. If it was not given to him to be passionate, Hankin here shows that he could encompass a quite rare tenderness. Mrs. Jackson, first-cousin to the Lady Denison of a later date, is conceived with a charity that has in it no trace of cynicism. She is not a central figure in the play, and yet she is, it seems to me, more completely imagined than any other character in the whole of Hankin's work. This is not to say that she is the most striking of his people, but there is in her just that subtlety of presentment that is the product not of deliberation but of uncurbed artistic instinct. She is there for no other purpose than to satisfy the dramatist's impulse to embody a type for which he clearly had no common affection. Eustace and Henry, Samuel Jackson and even his daughter Violet, admirably fashioned as they are, are yet moved by a purpose that is not wholly their own and answer in some measure to the dictates of the dramatist's reason. But Mrs. Jackson is a complete creation, arguing nothing, doing nothing, merely being, and in her Hankin approaches poetic imagination in conception if not in utterance. And it is noteworthy that, moving on this higher artistic plane, her influence upon the other characters of the play is more authentically dramatic than is that commonly operating between Hankin's people. The conflict between Eustace and his father and brother is, again, primarily one of the reason, just as, in a lesser degree, is that between him and his sister. They have

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a definite and circumstantial problem to solve, and they argue the matter out consistently in terms of their own personalities. But Eustace's relation to his mother is an emotional one, and consequently far more moving. "Dear old mater. She's not clever, but for real goodness of heart I don't know her equal." Speaking of her he becomes, for a moment, greater than himself, concerned with simple and fundamental and not complex and superficial things.

In 1905 two plays were written, *The Charity that Began at Home* and *The Cassilis Engagement*. If Hankin saw life in something less than heroic proportions, he was at least able to apply an almost faultless logic to the life that he did see. His world was circumscribed, but he purged it thoroughly of shams; and if to do this is not the highest function of the artist, it is one of the most worthy functions of the artist who professes no kinship with the greatest. And it is certainly to be accounted to him artistically as a virtue that although he exposed what he considered to be ethical and social fallacies in some measure by statement and argument, he did so in a larger measure by the operation of character. In other words, although he intuitively realized the necessity of the chorus in drama, he was also able to preserve a just balance between chorus and action. The questions that confront Lady Denison and Mrs. Cassilis are considered by the dramatist not only with fine subtlety and mental precision, but also with a quite notable instinct for dramatic form. Generally speaking, the impulse behind the plays is not sufficiently imaginative to raise them save at rare intervals to the level of a Mrs. Jackson, but the instinct that directed the adjustment of the relations of the dramatist's reflections to the action of his characters was in nearly every case sound. Whilst the dramatist may and should argue about life, it is not his business to argue about ideas in the abstract. If he uses his characters merely as mouthpieces for the exploitation of abstractions, he abuses them; his privilege of choric commentary is justly exercised only when it is confined to the contemplation of ideas that shape themselves out of the action of his characters; when, in other words, it is applied to the general only, as it is resolved from the particular. Hankin's instinct guided him to a

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proportion in this matter that was perfectly just, and he helped definitely toward a new understanding of one of the subtlest principles of dramatic form.

The Last of the De Mullins was written in 1907, and was Hankin's last dramatic work save two one-act plays and an unfinished comedy. The sociological problem which is its theme is set out with his customary lucidity and investigated fairly in terms of art and not of propaganda. Great passion in art is always the product of the imagination, and yet it is in this play, which is farther away from imagination than any other of his more important efforts, that he approaches most nearly to passion. The reason is that Hankin's imagination being the least developed of his qualities, the problems of reason which he explored depended for their power of moving him deeply upon the directness with which they were stated. The social question of Janet De Mullin is more complete and clearly stated than those of Mrs. Cassilis and Geoffrey, of Lady Denison or Eustace Jackson. However improbable it may be, it is remotely possible that an adjustment of circumstances might show Mrs. Cassilis to be mistaken, Lady Denison to be wise in her charity, and the Jackson compromise to be something other than the best possible solution of the family conflict. This is not to suggest that Hankin should have resolved these plays in any way other than that he chose, but to point out that in each instance it might be urged that he controlled the conduct of his protagonists to certain ends, and that other ends are conceivable. But Janet's attitude and conduct are inevitable, and her decisions are the only ones that we could accept as being possible. And this tightening up of his reasoning faculty served Hankin for the moment in some measure as a substitute for imaginative intensity and brought him near to passion. Janet is the one figure among his men and women of whom we can think as loving passionately and being passionately loved.

The new seriousness of *The Last of the De Mullins* precluded any free exercise of the wit that had been so admirably employed in the earlier plays, but otherwise his qualities here reach their full maturity. The mastery of style has developed, and the characterization has gained in subtlety and the power of sug-

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gestion. Mrs. De Mullin may be set beside Lady Denison and Mrs. Jackson, and De Mullin himself, choleric and stiff-necked as he is, bears witness anew to the tenderness with which his creator contemplated the foibles and prejudices of his creations. It was a rare gift of Hankin's, one that has been memorable in many greater men, this faculty of making human weakness at least not contemptible. There is scarcely a noble figure in his plays—even Violet Jackson lacks something of courage—and yet there is scarcely one for whom we cannot spare some affection. Lady Farringford herself might discover a heart at any moment.

The two one-act plays, *The Burglar Who Failed* and *The Constant Lover,* were both written in 1908. The former is an amiable little farce, not unpleasing, but far from showing the dramatist at his best. It has an air of being manufactured. But *The Constant Lover* is one of the most perfectly polished excursions in prose comedy dialogue that the new drama has produced. Conceived with a fancy of quite uncommon delicacy, the play is carried through from the first word to the last without a flaw. It is full of good sunshine and laughter, light and debonair yet wholly sincere. Hankin never realized his aim more fully than in this little masterpiece, and although it stands of necessity below his more ambitious work in many ways, it is, perhaps, a more perfect achievement than anything else that he did. He himself valued it highly, and the last letter he ever wrote closed with a reference to it, poignant and yet not without cheer.

When he died Hankin left an unfinished play, *Thompson.* He had written the first act and some later fragments. Relying far more upon a conventional and definite plot than was his custom, it was clearly his intention to give free rein in the dialogue to the wit of which he was a master. Mr. George Calderon's able completion of an extremely difficult task must speak for itself. In addition to his plays Hankin wrote a number of essays on the theatre which, apart from the excellence of their matter, are remarkable for their admirable prose.

St. John Hankin lived and wrote at the beginning of a new movement, and his permanent distinction in drama will be rather that of right endeavor and the recapture of just instincts than

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of full-bodied achievement. But that his plays have durable qualities there is no question. They are a valuable effort toward the reëstablishment of the union between drama and literature; they contain at least a suggestion of a return to true principles of dramatic form; they have not style in its rarer manifestation, but they have style, and that is much. Hankin's characters are not very passionately conceived, nor are they stirred often by the essential emotions of men, but they have life. The comedy which is Falstaff can stale only with the change of fundamental humanity: the comedy which is Eustace Jackson might lose some of its flavor with a change of certain social conditions; Eustace is, nevertheless, a quick creation and not a puppet. The *Note on Happy Endings* pleasantly emphasizes the fine objectivity with which the dramatist saw his characters. In bringing them into existence he gave them also independence of being, and is able seriously to discuss their future and their problems of conduct with as much detachment as he would gossip of his neighbors over the teacups. In his essay on Mr. Shaw he gives counsel to critics that is peculiarly valuable in the consideration of his own plays:

"Our dramatic critics, as a class, are always asking whether the dramatist is doing what *they* want, instead of giving their minds to the only question of any importance critically, namely, whether he has done what *he* wants, and done it competently." And done it competently. That is the point. It does not follow that even if he has done this we shall like his work, but in that event it is better to leave it alone than to denounce it for not being something else. Swinburne was not far wide of the mark when he said that the only criticism of value was the criticism that praised. Those of us who believe that the stage cannot regain its full vigor until it has rediscovered poetry as its natural expression, find in Hankin and his three or four adventurous fellows invigorating promise rather than fulfilment, but we are foolish if we refuse gratitude to the men who have made the first step toward the new estate. Among these men Hankin takes an honorable place, and that he was one of the few who first sought to bring back sincerity and a fit dignity of form to a great art is a distinction of which he will not easily be deprived.

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THE ETERNAL MAIDEN

T. Everett Harré

III

"Her lips are red—red as a wound in the throat of a deer."

FOR seven weeks Ootah lived in the mountains. The violence of his bitterness and grief scared away the wild hawks in whose high nesting place he found shelter. At the door of that icy cave above the clouds, he called upon the spirits of the mountains for vengeance.

"*Ioh—ioh!*" he wailed. "Spirits of the glaciers, lift your hands—strike! Descend and smite Olafaksoah! carry him to the narwhals; let the whales feed upon his body. May the soul of his hands, and the soul of his feet, and the soul of his heart, and the soul of his head struggle with one another. May he never rest! *Ioh—ioh—ioh—ioh!*"

The boom of sliding avalanches answered him. The sound was like that of muffled thunder. Wild cries arose from the mountain birds. They sounded demoniacal in the taut air.

Far below soared the black vultures of the arctic. In a fit of anger Ootah shook his arms frantically at the shrieking birds. For they seemed to mock him.

"Spirits of the clouds," he wailed. "*Ioh—ioh—ioh-h!* Ye that wander to the south! Ye that fly to the north! Ye that struggle hither and yon, from the east to the west. Bear my curses to Annadoah. Tell her that the heart of Ootah is bitter. Tell her Ootah would that her voice become as harsh as the winds of *ookiah* (winter). Tell her Ootah would that her face become withered as frozen lands in winter. Tell her Ootah would that her heart rot within her, that the wild beasts feed upon her breasts. *Ioh-h—ioh-h-h!* Sing unto her the curses of Ootah, and may she not rest!"

Below him the clouds, burning with vivid fire, moved in the varying strata of air currents—to Ootah they were conveying his messages. The sun, circling low about the horizon, shifted its rays, and within the nebulous cloud masses in the valleys, fountains of prism light played. In this radiant phantasmagoria messages in turn came to Ootah.

He saw the figuration of Annadoah's tent, and within, reclining upon her couch, the form of Annadoah. At the mirage picture of the beauteous and beloved maiden his heart throbbed violently. In the high altitude he found respiration difficult, and now he almost suffocated for lack of breath. He felt a pang at his heart as he saw the white chief enter the tent. The winds wailed sibilant and agonizing messages into the ears of Ootah:

"Thou hast cursed Annadoah. Foolish Ootah! For thou lovest Annadoah! Yea, her voice is as sweet as the sound of melting streams in spring. Lo, she whispers into the ears of Olafaksoah: 'Thou art strong, Olafaksoah; Ootah hath the heart of a woman. Thou hurtest me,

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Olafaksoah; thy arms bruise me, thy hands make me ache; but thou art strong, thou art great, Olafaksoah; the heart of Annadoah trembles for joy of thee.' Thus saith Annadoah!"

And in the winds Ootah heard Olafaksoah's coarse laughter.

"*Ioh—ioh-h-h!*" Ootah moaned.

"Thou wouldst that Annadoah's face be blighted as frozen land in winter," laughed the winds, mockingly. "Thou dotard Ootah! Thou lovest the face of Annadoah. It is very fair. It is golden as the radiant face of *Sukh-eh-nukh*. Her eyes are as bright as stars in the winter night. Oh-h-h, Ootah! Into the eyes of Olafaksoah Annadoah gazes, yea, she faints with joy, thou silly Ootah!"

"*Ioh—ioh-h-h!*" wailed Ootah.

"Her lips are red, Ootah—red as a wound in the throat of a deer."

And in the cloud vision Ootah saw the blonde chief take the head of Annadoah between his two palms and press her lips fiercely upon his own. Ootah's heart trembled as water.

"*Ioh-ioh-h-h!*" he sobbed, and tears coursed from his eyes.

The constant haunting thought of Annadoah's face pressed close to that of Olafaksoah somehow made his face burn and his bosom ache.

"Ootah, Ootah, thou wouldst that Annadoah's heart might wither, yea, as a frozen bird in the blast of winter. Foolish Ootah, who lovest Annadoah! Soft beats the heart of Annadoah upon the bosom of Olafaksoah; yea, for very joy it flutters as a mating bird in summer time. Thou wouldst that beasts might rend her little breasts—safe are they now in the embrace of the strong man from the south. Ootah! Ootah!"

Ootah wrung his hands.

"Thy curses fall dead upon the ears of Annadoah, she who hears only the voice of Olafaksoah."

In the winds Ootah heard the whisper of Olafaksoah in the dim tent. He heard Annadoah's rapturously murmurous replies.

"Olafaksoah shareth the igloo of Annadoah," whispered the winds suggestively. And Ootah knew the Eskimo custom.

Annadoah, by sharing her simple habitation with him, had by choice formally become the wife of Olafaksoah. And according to the unwritten law of ages she was now as much his property as his dogs. He might abuse her, and desert—and thus divorce—her whenever he chose. She might, at his pleasure, be loaned as a wife to another, and in this she would have no word. Or she might be given away, and dare not protest. Ootah felt that she was lost to him irretrievably.

For hours Ootah stood at the mouth of his mountain eyrie in dumb agony. All that he suffered it is beyond me to tell you. For days he crouched there, motionless, stark dumb, every fibre of him aching.

In the valleys below, as the hours of the burning days and golden nights passed, the sunlight constantly shifted. In the palpitating mists Ootah read of the days' doing at the camp. He saw the white men bartering for the meagre remaining furs and ivories gathered by the tribe. With the natives he saw them going on long fruitless hunts. Finally one day he witnessed them harpoon a half dozen walrus on the sea. They laboriously towed the catch ashore and rejoiced over the unexpected wealth of oil and blubber. But the white men claimed the entire prize, loaded their extra sledges, liberally fed their dogs, and doled out but a penurious allotment of meat and blubber to the tribe.

But in all this Ootah took no interest. Day by day the cloud-swim-

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ming valleys below blazed with crimson-shot conflagrations . . . Ootah knew the dead were lighting their monstrous camp fires—but even in this he found no interest. Daily he became fainter and fainter from lack of food, and daily, constantly, the winds whispered:

"The mouth of Annadoah is very red—red as a wound in the throat of a deer . . ." and then sibilantly—"softly beats the heart of Annadoah against the bosom of Olafaksoah."

One day the radiant valley darkened . . . Out of the sky, as if rising from worlds beyond the horizon, a cyclopean shadow as of clouds took form. Rising higher and higher toward the zenith, ominous and sinister, it gathered substance and spread across the glowing heavens like a film of smoke . . . It took upon itself the awful semblance of a mighty thing, half-beast, half-man. As if to strike, it slowly lifted the likeness of a gigantic arm shrouded with tattered clouds . . . The baleful shadow shut off the sunlight from the earth . . . Ootah's heart quailed . . . Terror gripped him . . . For he saw—what few men had ever beheld—the shadow of *Perdlugssuaq,* the Great Evil. Finally he found voice.

"O most dreadful of the *tornarssuit* (spirits)," he called, grovelling on his knees, "smite me! Smite me!"

During the tragic days of his isolation the full realization of all that he had lost had come to Ootah. He had fed upon the memory of Annadoah's face. He remembered how, with the vision of that face before him, he had excelled in the hunts and games, and for many moons had felt confident of winning her. He dwelt for hours upon her stunning rejection, of how she clung to the white man; he visioned with heart-corroding bitterness her days with Olafaksoah, and he burned with unnameable anguished pangs as he conjured her nights. Now, the violence of his grief exhausted, he invoked death.

Expectant, fearful, he waited. In the valley a storm gathered, and the low whine of the winds Ootah took for the breath of the descending terror. The air became unbearably colder as the dreaded creator of death, darkness and ice descended. The taut suspense was terrible. Finally Ootah reached the limits of human endurance—merciful unconsciousness blotted out the long agony.

When he recovered the storm had passed. Scores of birds, driven against the rocks by the terrible winds, lay dead at the entrance of the cave. Surely the Great Evil had struck, but he lived. Hunger stirred within him and he fell upon the birds.

Later he sought game in the lower valleys. He had lances and bows and arrows with him. He found an inland vale, where a patch of green grass was exposed despite a recent fall of snow—there a herd of musk oxen grazed. He drew his bow of bone sinew. One fell after the first quiver of his arrow. His skill was marvellous. He had struck a vital spot. He finished his killing of the fallen animal with a lance. He feasted upon the raw meat, and carried away with him up to his eyrie enough to last for many days.

The sun meanwhile sank lower and lower; there were long hours of twilight; snow storms came; the cold increased. Ootah felt the first whip of approaching winter. Ootah's spirit melted. Disquieting messages came in the cold winds and darkening clouds. His heart beat quickly at what the frightened birds told him. Olafaksoah, they said, struck Annadoah. As she lay on the ground he kicked her. In the snow-

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driven wind Ootah heard the echo of her heart-broken weeping. He revoked the curses he had uttered; he cursed his own weakness whereby he had invoked harm to her. Then in the winds Ootah heard the beat of drums. In the clouds he saw the white men dancing with the Eskimo maidens. Day after day they danced—day after day Annadoah wept. Olafaksoah had become wearied. Disappointed in the failure to secure greater supplies, he vented his impatience upon Annadoah. Cruelly he bruised her little hands, he mocked and jeered her when she pleaded with him. In fits of anger he often struck her. Finally, one day, in the cloud phantasmagoria, Ootah saw Olafaksoah reeling from the strange red-gold water the white men drank. He entered Annadoah's tent. She crouched, terrified, in a corner. With him were three of his rough blond companions. They staggered—and in the winds they sang. Olafaksoah pointed consentingly to Annadoah. One of the men attempted to embrace her. Then she rose defiantly and did what few Eskimo women ever dared. She smote the man's leering face and, sobbing, sank on her knees before Olafaksoah. He roared out things the Eskimos do not understand. "*Godalmighty!*" and more awful words. His fist descended. In the winds Ootah heard Annadoah scream and call his name.

That day he descended from the mountains.

Much that Ootah conjured in his mind, or imagined he saw in the clouds, really happened. Whether he actually sensed these things by some wonderful power of clairvoyance, in which the natives sincerely believe, or whether he just accurately guessed what occurred, I do not know. But of this I can tell:

By that strange contradictoriness of the feminine—much the same all the world over—by that inherent, inborn desire of subjugation to the brutal and domineering in the male, Annadoah had given herself unreservedly to Olafaksoah. At the sound of his firm step she trembled. His hard, brutal embraces caused her heart to flutter with joy. At first he told her he would take her with him to the south. Annadoah believed him. Then he changed his mind, and said she must wait until the next season for him. She silently acquiesced. She called upon all her simple arts to please him. Carefully she oiled her face and made the golden skin soft by rubbing it with the fur of animals; with a broken comb, left with her mother years before by a party of explorers, she combed her long, black and wonderful hair and elaborately arranged it behind her. About her forehead she bound a narrow fillet of fine, furry hares' skin. She donned new garments; her *ahttee* was made of the delicate skins of birds, her hood of white fox hides. To all this Olafaksoah seemed blind; at times, with coarse, half-maudlin tenderness, he caressed her, called her his "little girl" and promised to "return to her next spring." But Annadoah was useful to him otherwise.

During the days when Olafaksoah and his men were hunting or gathering furs and ivory at nearby villages along the coast, Annadoah sewed skins into garments for Olafaksoah and his men. Sometimes she went with Olafaksoah in his expeditions and employed her coquetry upon the susceptible men of the migrating tribes to secure bargains for him. For a box of matches she would cajole from her people ivories worth hundreds of dollars. She persuaded them to rob themselves of the walrus meat and blubber they had gathered for winter and give them to her master in exchange for tin cups and ammunition, all of which would be useless

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when the night came on. To Ootah she gave no thought until one day the white man struck her. As he vented his rage at not securing more riches upon her during the ensuing days, her heart more and more instinctively turned to the youth "with the heart of a woman" whom she had rejected. The night Olafaksoah brought his companions to the tent her soul rose in rebellion. In the camp there was an orgy. None of the married men, who for a slight consideration were willing to permit their wives to dance with the traders, objected to the drunken carousal. Ribald songs sounded strange in this region of the world. Yet after Olafaksoah had kicked her and left her lying in the tent, high above the sound of the sailor's doggerel, Annadoah frantically called aloud:

"Ootah! Ootah!"

For a long time she lay in a stupor. Her face was bleeding. When she regained consciousness the white chief and his men had left. They had taken with them all available furs, ivories and provisions in the village.

At the door of her tent Annadoah stood, dry-eyed, her hair dishevelled. To the south she yearningly extended her arms. Her heart still ached toward the man who had lied to her and deserted her. She was left, a divorced woman, alone among her people, with no one to care for her during the long winter night.

As she stood there the light of the descending sun, which was now far below the rim of the horizon, paled. Driven by a frigid wind, howling raucously from the mountains, great snow clouds piled along the sky line. Out at sea the tips of the waves became capped—leprous white arms seemed reaching hopelessly for help from the depths of the sea. The sky blackened. The increasing gusts tore at the frail tents. The wolf-dogs crouched low to the ground and whined. A tremor of anxiety filled the hearts of the tribe. Presently the clouds were torn to shreds and whipped furiously over the sky. In the thickening gray gloom Annadoah watched the men of the tribe fastening their sleds and belongings to the earth . . . mere dark shadows. Above her tent, tossed by the wind in its eddying flight, a black guillemot screamed.

Annadoah finally entered and threw herself upon the rocky floor of her dwelling. As the furies were loosed outside her voice rose and fell with the wailing grief and wrath of the wind. "Olafaksoah! Olafaksoah!" But only the hoarse evil call of the guillemot answered during lulls in the storm. And Annadoah heard it, with a sinking of her cold heart, as the voice of fate.

IV

"'Do the gulls that freeze to death in winter fly in springtime?' she asked, simply. . . . 'The teeth of the wolves are in my heart . . .'"

Desolate and alone, Annadoah walked along a crevice in the land-adhering ice of the polar sea.

The prolonged gray evening of the arctic was resolving into the long dark, and the Eskimo women, as is their custom at this time of the year, had gathered along the last lane of open water—which writhed like a sable snake over the ice—to celebrate that period of mourning which precedes the dreadful night, and to give their last messages and farewells to the

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unhappy and disconsolate souls of the drowned, who, when the ice closed, should for many moons be imprisoned in the sea.

An unearthly twilight, not unlike that dim greenish luminescence which filters through emerald panes in the high nave of a great cathedral, lay upon the earth. The forms of the mourning women were strangely magnified in the curious semi-luminance and, as their bodies moved to and fro in the throes of their grief, they might have been, for all they seemed, shadowy ghosts bemoaning their sins in some weird purgatory of the dead.

In the northern sky a faint quivering streak of light, resembling the reflection of far away lightning, played—the first herald of the aurora. To the south a gash of reddish orange, like the tip of a bloody-gleaming knife-blade, severed the thick purple clouds. There was a faint reflected glimmer on the unfrozen southern sea.

Snow had fallen on the land, igloos had been built. Over the village and against the frozen promontories loomed a majestic yet fearful shadowy shape—that of a giant thing, swathed in purple, its arm uplifted threateningly—the spectre of suffering and famine. This wraith, brought into being by the gathering blackness in the gulches and crevices of the mountains, filled the hearts of the natives with unwonted foreboding.

Profound silence prevailed.

Already the sea for miles along the shore was frozen. The open water lay at so great a distance from the land that the sound of the waves was stilled. The birds had disappeared. Even the voice of the sinister black guillemot was heard no more.

Annadoah's sobs rose softly over the ice.

"Spirit of my mother, thou who wast carried by the storm-winds into the sea! Hear me! Annadoah loved one Olafaksoah, a chief from the south; for him the heart of Annadoah became very great within her. And now the heart of Annadoah aches. For he hath gone to the south. And not until the birds sing in spring will he return. And Annadoah is left alone. *Ookiah* comes with the lash of the wicked walrus thongs, and there is no blubber buried outside Annadoah's shelter. Neither is there oil. And the couch of Annadoah is cold—so very cold. Yea, listen, spirit of my mother, and bring Olafaksoah back, that he may bruise Annadoah's hands, that he may cast Annadoah to the ground and kick Annadoah if he wills with his feet! Io-oh-h!"

She moaned this in a curious sing-song sort of chant. Over the ice the voices of the other women rose, and each, to her departed relatives and friends who had died in the sea, told about the important incidents of the year and the misgivings for the winter, in a varying crooning song.

Annadoah passed Tongiguaq, who jumped and danced in a frenzy of grief. Tongiguaq had lost three children; two had been drowned, and a new-born baby, three months before, was born maimed. According to the custom of the people, a fatherless defective child is doomed to death. So rigorous is their struggle to survive, so limited the means of existence, that a tribe cannot bear the burden of a single unnecessary life. So in keeping with this Lycurgean law, worked out by instinct after the stern experience of ages, a rope had been twisted about the neck of Tongiguaq's baby and it had been cast into the sea.

All this the weeping woman told in her chant to the departed. When she saw Annadoah approaching she paused.

"Here cometh the she-wolf that hath devoured the food of our tribe,"

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she wailed, intense bitterness in her voice. "Yea, by her cajolery she persuaded our men to give unto the traders from the south our precious food. And now we starve! Yea, she hath robbed us, she is as the breath of winter, as the blackness of the night."

Along the line of wailing women Tongiguaq's reproach was suddenly taken up. As Annadoah walked by them they did a strange thing. The natives fear their dead—they never mention their names. Possessed of great power are the dead, and they can wreak, as befits their moods, unlimited good or ill. Believing they could persuade the dead to array themselves against Annadoah, the women took up Tongiguaq's denunciation and reviled Annadoah in their weird chant to the departed. Annadoah wrung her hands and wept. Bitter and jealous because the white chief had selected her during his stay, their bosoms full of harbored ill will and envy of years because she had been the most desired by the young men of the tribes, the women now invoked curses upon the deserted and unprotected girl through the medium of the disembodied powers.

The dread of it filled poor Annadoah's heart. She quailed at the bitter execrations called upon her head. Instinctively her hand reached through the opening of her *ahttee* and she clutched at a piece of old half-decayed skin, a remnant of her mother's father's clothing, an amulet given her as a child, when saliva from the maternal grandfather's mouth had been rubbed on hers, and which she believed protected her from ill fortune.

"O-uuh! ouuh!" Annadoah moaned in pain.

The women forgot their own tragedies. They forgot the messages they were imparting to the dead. Directly they might not be able to invoke any effective curse upon Annadoah; but well they knew, indeed, the awful power of the dead. And to the dead in the cold shuddering sea they told how Annadoah had played with the men, how she had betrayed them to the white traders, cajoling them to rob themselves of food, and how, because of her, famine now confronted the tribe; they told of the long devotion of Ootah, the desired of all the maidens, and how Annadoah had rejected him.

Possessed by a frantic contagion of released rage, their voices rose and fell in a frightful chanting malediction. In the weird gloom their vague forms leaped about, their arms writhing like black things in the air as they called the names of their individual dead to hear.

As their voices approached a crescendo they danced with increasing hysteria. Some shrieked and fell to the ice groaning, their bodies twisting as if in convulsions. Others laughed madly—laughed at the dreadful horrors with which the dead would smite Annadoah. Losing all control they were carried away by their delirious malevolence; their voices reached a high shrill pitch. Their arms clawed the air. Through the dead curses were invoked upon Olafaksoah, the great trader, who had cowed them and robbed them. They begged of the *tornarssuit* that he might be rended by wolves, that his body might rot unburied, and that his spirit would be compelled to wander in restless torment through incarnations in all the animals of lower creation. They called anathemas upon his unborn children; and of their dead, who should be imprisoned in darkness in the depths of the sea, they furiously invoked upon Annadoah the curse of the long night . . . Their voices shuddered over the ice as they demanded that most dreadful of all dreaded evils—that Annadoah's child might be as blind to light and the joy of light as the dead in the sea.

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Annadoah crouched in frantic terror upon the ice. From the Greenland highlands a moaning echo answered the women. To Annadoah the hill spirits had joined in cursing her—all nature seemed to upbraid her. Tremblingly, with a last lingering hope, she crept on her knees to the edge of the lane of lapping black water. She whispered a pathetic plea to *Nerrvik,* the gentle queen of the sea, whose hand had been severed by those she loved, and who felt great tenderness for men. Annadoah listened.

"Thou art cold of heart to him who loves thee, Annadoah," a voice seemed to whisper in the lapping waves. "Thou are beautiful as the sun, but as *Sukh-eh-nukh* shalt thou be eternally sad. Thou shalt lose because of thine own self the greatest of all treasures. That is fate."

Far out on the open ocean spectral fire-flecks flashed like mast-lights on swinging ships. These mysterious jack o' lanterns of the arctic are caused by the crashing together of icebergs covered with phosphorescent algæ.

To Annadoah the dead were lighting their oil lamps for the long night. As she watched the weird illuminations a paralyzing fear of the vague unknown world beyond the gate of death filled her, and her blood ran cold. She felt utterly crushed, utterly helpless, and utterly deserted, both in the affection of the living and that of the dead. She uttered a despairing cry and fell back in a cold faint. The women drew about as if to leap upon her.

A momentary wavering of the northern lights revealed her face grown sad and wan. The women stood still, however, for approaching they heard a man's voice calling:

"Avatarpay—avatarpay,
akorgani—akorgani,
anagpungah . . ."

Those mystic words, believed to give magic speed to the one who utters them, came in the well known tones of Ootah. A joyous cry went up from the women. When Annadoah opened her eyes Ootah was bending over her.

"I was held in the mountains, Annadoah. The hill spirits were at war. The snow came, the storm spirits loosed the ice. I fell into an abyss . . . I lay asleep . . . for very long. It seemed like many moons. I could barely walk when I awoke. I had no food. I became very weak, but I uttered the *serrit* (magic formulæ), those words of the days when man's sap was stronger, and the good winds bore me hither."

A mystical silver light had risen over the horizon, and in the soft glimmer Annadoah saw that the face of Ootah was haggard and drawn. His voice was weak.

"The sun has gone," murmured Ootah. "The long night comes. Ootah heard thy cry and has come to care for thee, Annadoah."

His voice was a caress. His face sank dangerously near the face of the girl. She panted into full consciousness and struggled to free herself. Ootah helped her to her feet.

"The winter comes . . . and famine," muttered Annadoah, hopelessly. She pointed to the gaunt, hollowed-eyed shadow, empurpled robed, against the frozen cliffs.

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"But I have come to give furs for thy couch," murmured Ootah, a beseeching look in his eyes. "Thou wilt need shelter—I shall build thee an igloo. Thou wilt need food—I shall share all that I have with thee and seek more. Thou wilt need oil for heat. I shall get this for thee."

Annadoah made a passionate gesture. A curious perverse resentment for the youth's insistent devotion rose in her heart.

"Nay," she said, warding him away. "My shadow yearns only to the south . . . the far, far south."

"Thy soul yearns to the south—forsooth, will I all the more cherish thee. Thou art frail, and the teeth of *ookiah* (winter) are sharp."

"The teeth of *ookiah* are not so sharp as the teeth in my heart," sobbed Annadoah.

Ootah felt a great pity for her—a pity and tenderness greater than his jealousy.

"But I shall teach thee to forget, Annadoah."

"I cannot forget. Even as the ravens in their winter shelter dream of the summer sun, so my soul grows warm, in all my loneliness, in the memory of Olafaksoah."

Ootah groaned with an access of misery. Frenziedly he caught her hands and pressed them. Annadoah struggled. His words beat hotly in her ears:

"But I want thee. My blood burns at the thought of thee. It is against the custom of the tribe that thou shouldst be alone. Thou must take a husband."

"No—no," she shook her head.

"But some one must care for thee. I love thee. Thou wilt forget Olafaksoah. Thy hurt will heal."

Annadoah shook her head piteously.

"Do the gulls that freeze to death in winter fly in springtime?" she asked simply.

Ootah did not reply.

"He was strong," she murmured. "His hands bruised me. He was cruel. He hurt me. Yet he gave my heart joy. My heart is dying—dying as the birds die. I feel the teeth of the wolves in my heart."

Ootah pointed to the women. The soft crooning of their voices reached him as they resumed the dismal dirge of their own woes.

"They hate thee," he said. He pointed to the constellation of the Great Bear which glittered faintly in the sky. "Yonder *qiligtussat* (the barking dogs) would rend the gentle bear. Thou rememberest the old men's tale. A woman ran away from her family. She was false at heart. The good mother bear protected her and gave her food. But yearning for her husband, she returned and to gain his favor betrayed the hiding place of the mother-bear and her young. Then the husband drove out with sledges. His dogs attacked the bear. But they all became stars and went up into the sky. Even as the bear was good to the false woman so hast thou made clothing for those yonder, and now they would as the dogs rend thee. Thou needest a husband."

"They would be bitter to thee," she argued.

"Perchance, but I would protect thee. I love thee."

Annadoah shook her head. "The teeth of the wolves are in my heart," she said. "And I no longer care."

"Yonder *Nalagssartoq* (he who waits and listens) bends to hear thy reply." Ootah pointed to Venus, the brightest of the stars—to the Eski-

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mos an old man who waits by a blow-hole in the heavenly icefloes and listens for the breathing of seals. "Thou wilt come to Ootah, who loves thee. Answer, Annadoah! Ootah listens."

He soothed her little hands. A wondrous light burned in his eyes. Every fibre of his being yearned for her. But Annadoah's hands were cold, her eyes were sullenly turned away. In her heart a vague fear of him, a resentment of his very love, stirred.

"My shadow yearns to the south," she repeated pathetically. "I shall wait. Perhaps he will come as he said when the spring bunting sings." In her heart she feared that he would not.

Ootah in utter anguish dropped her hands. Annadoah sadly turned away. Falling to his knees on the ice, he covered his face with his arms. The sound of his heartbroken sobbing was drowned in the funereal chant of the women as, in a long procession, they passed near him on their way to the shore.

When he raised his head, the rim of the moon, a great quarter-disc of silver, peeped above the horizon. A mystical melancholy light flooded the gloriously gleaming desolate white world. The ice floes glistened as with the dust of diamonds. The ice covered faces of the promontories glowed with the sheen of burnished metal. The clouds became tremulous masses of argent phosphorescence. Far away the women's chants subsided. One by one they joined the men in their grotesque dances in the distant igloos. Ootah was left alone.

He gazed long upon the pearly lamp of heaven. The subtle sorrow of this world of magical moonlight filled his soul. Then the hopelessness and tragedy of all it symbolized was unfolded to him, and, extending his arms in a vague wild sympathy, in a vague wild despair, he moaned:

"Desolate and lonely moon! Oh, desolate and unhappy moon! . . . Desolate and unhappy is the heart of Ootah!"

Far away, in her shelter, Annadoah heard the sobbing voice of Ootah. And nearer, in an igloo where the men beat drums and danced, she heard the voice of Maisanguaq laughing evilly. Of late Maisanguaq had gibed her with her desertion; he was bitter toward her. But nothing mattered to Annadoah. She thought of the blond man in the south, and the pleading of Ootah. As she heard his weeping, she shook her head sadly. She beat her heart and muttered over and over again:

"Do the gulls that freeze to death in winter fly in springtime?"

V

"What they heard was, to them all, the Voice of the Great Unknown, . . . He who made the world, created the Eternal Maiden Sukh-eh-nukh, and placed all the stars in the skies . . . and Whose voice, far, far away, is as the faintly remembered music of long bygone dreams preceding birth . . . And now, out of the blue-black sky great globes of swimming liquid fire floated constantly, and dispersing into feathery flakes of opal light, melted softly . . ."

Ootah began work on an igloo for Annadoah. None of the tribesmen had offered to do this for her, and, as only the men develop the architectural skill required to construct a snow shelter, Annadoah, until Ootah's return, was forced to continue to live in her seal-skin tent, where she suffered bitterly from the cold. His back aching, scarcely pausing to rest,

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Ootah constructed an icy dome of more than usual solidity. This completed, he went many miles, through the darkness, to the south where, in the shelter of certain rocks, he knew there was much soft moss. Digging through the frozen blanket of ice he secured a quantity, and returning, made with it a soft bed for Annadoah over a tier of stones. This he covered in turn with the soft skin of caribou. Inside the immaculate house of snow he fashioned an interior tent of heavy skins to retain the heat of the oil lamps. Of his own supplies of blubber and walrus meat, which he had secretly buried early in the hunting season and which had thus escaped the rapacity of the white men, he gave more than half to Annadoah. He fixed her lamps with oil, arranged them solicitously in positions where they would give most heat. He placed supplies in the house, and buried the rest outside so that Annadoah might readily reach them. Meanwhile Annadoah sat alone in her tent, her sad face buried in her hands, "her shadow yearning toward the south." Many of the tribe, emerging from their igloos, had paused to taunt Ootah at his labors.

"A-ha—a-ha!" they laughed. "Thinkest thou that Annadoah will let thee share her igloo when the snow closes in?" They laughed again. Ootah seriously shook his head.

"I would that Annadoah be protected from the storm," he said simply.

"A-ha—ha! No man buildeth a house wherein he may not have shelter; no man layeth a bed of soft moss whereon he doth not expect to lie. Idiot Ootah, as well mayest thou expect the willows to sprout in the long night—Annadoah thinketh naught of thee."

"He hath given Annadoah half of his meat and fuel," the women murmured complainingly among themselves.

"He hath given her his skins; he hath thieved upon himself."

"Why hath he not taken another to wife? Verily men are few; women are many. And all gaze favorably upon Ootah."

"Yea, his arm is strong."

"There is courage in his heart."

"He feareth not the night."

"He should press his nose upon the face of one who is fair; his wife should bear children."

When Annadoah passed from her tent into her new home the women scolded her bitterly. The men good-naturedly jeered Ootah. Annadoah huddled near Ootah and gazed gratefully into his eyes. In the thought that he was there to protect her the heart of Ootah pulsed with joy. Annadoah's heart was cold. Annadoah sat inside the new little house of snow, the oil lights flickering fitfully. In the dancing shadows Annadoah saw the semblance of the form of the blond chief. Joylessly Ootah built his own home.

And in their houses, in celebration of the fall of night, the natives continued their grotesque dances. Beating membrane drums, and singing jerky chants, they danced frenziedly, forcing a false hilarity. They felt the overwhelming approach of the dread spectre of famine. In their dances some sobbed, others passed into uncontrollable hysteria.

Ootah alone did not indulge in the fierce ceremonies. His own igloo built, day after day, night after night, he sat alone. His heart ached with the unrequited and eternal desire of all the loveless and lonely things of the world. Outside, the moon increased in fulness and soared in a low circle about the sky. The dogs crouched low on the ground, howling dismally.

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During the first days of the long night the natives held a series of dog fights inside the snow and stone houses. Ordinarily Ootah would have attended these, for a dog fight is of keenest interest to a tribesman, and the Eskimos' most exciting form of sport.

To a hunter with healthy blood in his veins the dog encounter affords the same thrills as other men, in more southern lands, find in bull fights, horse racing, card playing and other games of chance. Two lovers, both desirous of a maiden, may hold a fight between their king dogs, each hoping that success may determine the girl's favor. Pieces of blubber, animal skins, ivory earrings and less valuable objects are often bet by the contestants and the onlookers.

'By all logical assumptions, one might naturally suppose that the Eskimos—whose night is many months long—through many dark and rigorous ages, would have developed into a taciturn and moody people, just as the denizens of sunny climes are joyful, effervescent and pleasure loving. However, this is not so. Troublous as is their existence, they preserve until old age that playful joy of life, that carefree ignoring of danger, which we find in our children—which, alas, we lose too soon. Each day brings to them its novel delights; in their monotonous foods they find a constant variety of pleasure; in their simple games of muscle-tapping, throwing of carved ivories, and fighting of dogs they experience the exultant and exuberant fun of schoolboys; constant experience with jeopardous tasks has eliminated the human fear of danger, and even death, in its most tragic shapes, by long association has lost its terrors. When the long night falls, and an ominous depression makes heavy the heart of the lover or fills with anxiety the heart of the father, they turn, with a delightful spontaneity, to play.

Now great interest was aroused by the news that Papik was to fight his king dog with the magnificent brute owned by Attalaq. Both Papik and Attalaq were paying evident attentions to Ahningnetty, the chubby and ever smiling maiden, who, while she showed a certain leaning toward Papik, had misgivings as to his eligibility as a husband because of his long fingers.

Born of noted fighters, a dog attains the position of "king" or chief dog of a team by whipping all the dogs in the team of his particular master. When he has asserted his supremacy over the dogs of his own team, he is successively set before the rulers of other teams. And by a process of elimination of those which lose, the two final victors in a village are finally aligned against one another.

In the series of fights held between the king dogs of the various teams, both Papik's and Attalaq's had come off with final honors. The immediate contest between the two most distinguished canines in the village was an event of exciting importance, and to the women there was a romantic zest in it, for all believed that victory would determine Ahningnetty's favor.

At the time of the event all who could do so crowded into Attalaq's stone house. In the centre of a tense group of onlookers the two dogs were placed before one another. They were handsome animals, with long keen noses, denoting an aristocracy of canine birth, and long shaggy coats, mottled brown and white, as soft as silk. A long line of victories lay to the credit of each.

A sharp howl announced the fight—the two lithe bodies leaped together—the air within the little circle became electric. The dogs snapped,

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tumbled over one another. Their sharp teeth sank into one another's shanks. The natives cheered whenever a favorite secured an advantage. Bets were made. Papik's eyes gleamed as he alternately watched his dog and the face of Ahningnetty as she peered interestedly over the shoulders. Attalaq's countenance was grim—not a muscle moved.

Finally Attalaq's dog, with a chagrined growl, unexpectedly rushed from the enclosure and crouched in a corner of the igloo.

The natives effusively gathered about Papik, who bent over his dog with a proud affection. In the excitement Ahningnetty quickly left the igloo, and standing outside gazed meditatively at the stars. They hung in the sky above like great pendulous jewels, palpitant with interior flame —there were purple stars, and blue stars, and orange-colored stars; some resembled monstrous amethysts, some emeralds firely green, some rubies spitting sparks vindictively red, others globular sheeny pearls, creamy of lustre but shot with faint gleams of roses, and, fugitively sprinkling the firmament, amid all there were orbs that glistened like diamonds, wonderfully and purely white. Sirius, distinct among all the heavenly bodies, throbbed with a vari-colored changing lustre like a bulbous opal, and about it, with a strange shimmer, visibly swirled its iridescent rings.

"Thou standest alone—thou wouldst leave me?" Papik, eager, emerged from the stone entrance to the house and approached the girl. The other natives, homeward bent, followed.

The girl was silent.

"Methought thou wouldst be glad——"

"Thy dog is strong," the girl replied.

"Dost thou love that dotard Attalaq?"

"No," the maid replied. "He is clumsy as the musk ox."

They turned, walking toward the igloo occupied by Ahningnetty and her aged father.

"Wilt thou not be Papik's wife?" Papik pleaded. "My shelter is cold—little meat have I. The white men robbed the tribe. But perchance the bears come—then I shall kill them; valiant is my dog." He patted the animal's shaggy head.

"But thy fingers, Papik—Papik! No—no!"

"But Papik loves thee," he protested; "his skin flushes with the thought of thee."

"That thou didst also say to Annadoah, whom thou didst seek before me."

Papik was silent; it was true that Ahningnetty was only a second choice.

At that moment an ominous noise was heard on the sea. The tide, in moving, caused the massive floe-ice to grate against that adhering to the shore. To the simple natives, the noise indicated something more sinister.

"Hearest that?" Ahningnetty asked.

"Yea," replied Papik, "*Qulutaligssuaq,* the monster who lives in the sea, cometh with his hammers."

"He cometh to steal the children. In winter he is very hungry."

"They say he frightens people to death when a baby which is fatherless screams."

"And after he beats his ladles, the babies often die."

Again the grating noise shuddered along the shore, and Ahningnetty, frightened, fled to her house. Papik, pursuing his way, accosted Ootah.

As they were speaking they saw Otaq and his wife emerge from their

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house. Between them they carried a small stark body. The woman was weeping piteously. It was their child, which a brief while before had died. The sea monster had again claimed its human toll.

Papik and Ootah disappeared—Papik to his shelter, Ootah to Annadoah's igloo. The parents, left alone, dug up stones and ice and buried the child. Then beneath the stars they stood in silent grief. Other natives, emerging from their houses and seeing them, understood and disappeared, for while relatives weep over their dead none dare disturb their mourning. For five days, in commemoration of the death, the parents would visit the grave of their child. During this time no native dare cross the path leading from their igloo to the silent resting place, and while they stood beneath the stars all alien to their sorrow must remain within their houses. Only the Great Spirit, who lives beyond the golden veils of the boreal lights, may hear the sobbing of a stricken human creature over the thing of which it has been bereft.

In the course of ten sleeps—as days are called—the first moon of the long night sank below the horizon and the colorful stars firely glittered over a world of black silence. The cold increased to an intolerable bitterness. Ootah, venturing from his igloo to dig up walrus meat, found the earth frozen so solid that it split his steel axe.

It was not long before many white mounds appeared beneath the liquid stars. The old and the very young, unable to endure the rigorous cold and dearth of food, passed into the mysterious unknown of which the long dark of earth is only the portal. After the passing of the first moon the storms came; the sky blackened; the winds voiced the desolate woe of millions of aerial creatures. Terrific snow storms kept the tribe within their shelters for days. Often the winds tore away the membrane windows of their snow houses, and blasts of frigid cold dissipated the precious warmth within. In the lee of circular walls of ice, right at the immediate entrance of the houses, the natives kept their dogs. Inside they had only room for the mother dogs, which at this period brought into being litters of beautiful little puppies with which the Eskimo children played. Outside, scores of splendid animals, which could not be sheltered, were frozen to death in great drifts. These, during the following days, were dug out and used as food both for men and the living animals.

During a quiet period between storms, Ootah, venturing from his shelter, heard a shuffling noise near his igloo. In the northern sky a creamy light palpitated, and in one of the quick flares he saw a bear nosing about the village. He called his dogs and they soon surrounded the animal. Fortunately the incandescent light of the aurora increased —now and then a ribbon of light, palpitant with every color of the rainbow, was flung across the sky. Ootah lifted his harpoon lance—the sky was momentarily flooded with light—he struck. In the next flare he saw the bear lying on the ice—his lance had pierced the brute's heart. Attracted by the barking of Ootah's dogs, several tribesmen soon joined him in dressing the animal. During their task, one suddenly beckoned silence, and whispered softly:

"The Voice . . . the Voice . . . " And they paused.

A weird whistling sound sang eerily through the skies. The air, electrified, seemed to snap and crackle. It was the voice that comes with the aurora.

The knives fell from the natives' hands. The howling of the hungry

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dogs was stilled. In hushed awe, in reverence, with vague wondering they listened. Ootah was on his knees. An inspired light transfigured his face. His pulses thrilled. For what they heard was, to them all, the Voice of the Great Unknown, He whose power is greater than that of *Perdlugssuaq,* He Who made the world, created the Eternal Maiden *Sukh-eh-nukh,* and placed all the stars in the skies, Who, never coming Himself earthward, instead sends in the aurora His spirits with messages of hope and encouragement to men, but Whose Voice sometimes far, far away, itself comes as the faintly remembered music of long bygone dreams preceding birth . . . Yea, it was the Voice . . . the Voice . . .

And now, out of the black-blue sky, as if released from invisible hands, great globes of swimming liquid fire floated constantly, and bursting into millions of feather flakes of opal light, melted softly . . . Along the lower heavens there was a fugitive flickering, of a rich creamy light, as of the reflection of celestial fires far beyond the horizon.

Speechless, Ootah viewed the flameous wonder, and, although he knew no prayer, he felt in his soul an instinctive love, a profound awe . . . In the silent sanctity of that auroral-shot and frigidly glorious region he seemed to feel the pulsing of an unseen presence—a presence of which he was a part, of which, with a glow, he felt the soul of her he loved was a part, to which all nature, everything that lives and breathes, was vitally linked . . . He felt the drawing urge, the thrilling tingling impetus, as it were, of the terrific currents of vital spirit force that sweep vastly through the universe, keeping the earth and all the planets in their orbits . . . He felt, what possibly the primitive and pure of heart feel most keenly, the presence of the Great Unknown, He Who is the fountain source of love, and Whose hands on the sable parchment of the northern skies perchance write, in irid traceries of fire, mystic messages of hope which none, of all humanity, during all the centuries, has ever learned entirely to understand.

Not until the wonder lights were fading did the tribesmen take up the portions of bear meat, and according to Ootah's instructions divide portions among the community. His arms full of bear meat, Ootah joyously entered Annadoah's igloo.

Annadoah, sad and lonely, sat by her lamp. Her igloo was like that of all the others. Inside, so as to retain the heat and carry off the water which dripped from the melting dome of snow, there was an interior tent of seal skin. In a great pan of soapstone was a line of moss, which absorbed the walrus fat, and served as a wick for the lamp. This emitted a line of thin, reddish blue flame. Over the light, and supported by a framework, was a large soapstone pot in which bits of walrus meat were simmering. By the side of the pot a large piece of walrus blubber hung over a rod. In the heat of the lamp this slowly exuded a thick oil which, falling into the pan below, gave a constant and steady supply of fuel.

Like the other women, Annadoah sat by her lamp day after day. When she could endure hunger no longer she would eat ravenously of the meagre food in the pot. Regular meals are unknown in the arctic—a native abstains from food as long as he can in days of famine, but when he eats he eats unstintedly.

As Ootah entered the low enclosure Annadoah's eyes lighted.

Ootah told her of the bear encounter, and, with the joy of children, they placed bits of the meat in the pot and sat by, delightedly inhaling the odor as it cooked.

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Several days later, while they were eating the remainder of the bear meat, both heard an uproar outside. They crept from the igloos and discovered most of the village assembled without.

"Attalaq hath carried off Ahningnetty," one told them.

"He broke into her father's house and seized her with violence!"

Not far away they heard Ahningnetty's screams.

"Attalaq is strong," said one.

"Yea, as a boy did he not kill his brother?" All remembered the brutal encounter of the two brothers years before, when, throwing him to the ground, Attalaq jumped on his brother's body and striking his head with stones beat him to death. Attalaq was a type of the older warriors; unlike his more gentle tribesmen he possessed the atavistic savagery of his forebears of centuries ago when it was customary to abduct brides.

An excited crowd gathered outside of Attalaq's house. Soon Attalaq himself appeared.

"Ha! Ha!" he laughed. "Methinks that is the way to treat a woman!" Then with swollen-up gusto he told them all about it. Tiring of being alone he determined to carry off Ahningnetty. "A woman's mind is as the wind—it constantly changeth," he said. "Women should be driven as the dogs." Ahningnetty, still weeping, still protesting, came to the door. Attalaq turned fiercely upon her and struck her in the face. Then he laughed again. The girl screamed.

"Well," he said, turning to her, "I carried thee here—if thou wouldst return thou canst walk back. Eh?" The girl cowered away, but on her face there was the semblance of a pleased expression. The other women regarded her with a tinge of envy.

"'Tis not often in these days a lover careth sufficiently to carry a maid away," said an aged crone.

"In the days of old there were men like Attalaq," said a younger woman, admiringly.

"Where is Papik?" one asked. He was not to be seen.

"Dost thou not wish to return to thy father?" Annadoah asked Ahningnetty, approaching her.

The girl shook her head. Much as she had protested, she was unquestionably pleased by the forcible abduction.

One of the gossips, desiring to impart the unpleasant news to Papik, had gone to his house.

"Papik sits alone," she called, on her return. "And when I told him Ahningnetty hath been carried away by Attalaq, he replied, 'Tis well! 'Tis well!' And then he showed me his hands—they were frozen—frozen! Verily, he would now be a sorry husband to provide for a wife."

"Papik's hands frozen!" took up the others. "Unhappy Papik."

"He sobs and weeps—he sobs and weeps," said the old woman. "He saith the dreaded misfortune hath come, and the days of his skill on the hunt are over!"

"Long fingers, short hunt; long nose—short life," remarked Maisanguaq, sententiously.

Attalaq, happy in his conquest, was broad enough to be generous. He declared that Papik should never want as long as he could shoot the arrow. Generous-hearted, many of the others joined in and bits of blubber were soon offered the lonely Papik, as he sat, nursing his frozen members, in his house. The mishap was tragic, for, his hands injured, he

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had lost not only his skill in the hunt but his ability to protect himself in cases of accidents. And from the experience of ages all knew that, sooner or later, he was doomed to a comparatively early death.

During the first period of the night, and after Ootah's first capture, several prowling bears were shot. The howl of occasional wolves was heard in the mountains; then all the bears disappeared, the hunger of the wolves was stilled.

When the third moon rose not a thing stirred outside the igloos. A glacial silence gripped the northern world. In their shelters the natives clustered together, warming one another with their breathing and the heat of their bodies. They lacked the courage even to speak.

Day by day their supply of food had run low. Day by day they decreased their portions; their cheeks sunk, hunger burned in their eyes. To save the precious fuel they burned only one lamp in their houses; they were unable to sleep because of the intense cold. Finally their food gave out. From his store Ootah silently doled out allotments until starvation confronted him. One by one the dogs were eaten. And this caused a dull ache, for the men loved their dogs only a little less than they did their wives and children. The quaking fear of the long hours slowly gave way to a dull lethargy. In their igloos, where single lamps smoked, they sat, and to keep up their circulation and to prevent themselves from falling into a coma, they rocked their bodies like things only half alive.

The black days and black nights slowly, tediously, achingly passed. One day was like another—one night seemed to mark no progress of time. Only the children, to whom parents gave the last bits of food, showed some animation. They played listlessly with one another. For toys they had crude carvings of soapstone—tiny soapstone lamps and pots with which they made pitiful mimicry of cooking. The little girls played with crude dolls just as do little girls in more southern lands—but they were grotesque effigies, made of skin roughly sewn together. The boys found brief zest in a game which was played by sticking ivory points in a piece of bone, hanging from the roof of the igloo, and which was perforated with holes. Finally, as the night wore on, the children lost interest in their games, and with aching stomachs, lay silent by the fires. Starvation steadily claimed its toll. Death, slowly, surely, laid its grim and terrible hands upon that pitiful fringe of earth's humanity on the desolate star-lit roof of the world. One by one a stark body would be carried from an igloo into the black, bitter cold silence without and buried under blocks of snow. And above, intense and incandescent, the Pole Star—that unerring time mark of God's inevitable and unerring laws—burned like an all-seeing, sentient and pitiless eye of fire in the heavens.

Annadoah lay upon her couch of furs. Her face was thin and white as the snows without. The flame in her stone lamp was about to flicker into extinction.

Ootah, entering the igloo, sprang quickly to her side. Her breath came very faintly. He seized her hands. He breathed on her face. He opened her *ahttee* and rubbed her little breasts. He felt something very strange, and wonderful, stirring within him. And with it a ghastly fear that the thing he loved was dying.

Into the lamp he placed the last meagre bits of remaining blubber. Then he again set to chafing the tender little hands. Cold and hunger had wrought havoc upon Annadoah. Ootah's heart ached.

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Finally her eyelids stirred. Her lips parted. A smile brightened her face. Ootah leaned forward, breathlessly. Her lips framed an inaudible word:

"Olafaksoah . . . Olafaksoah . . . " She opened her eyes. The smile faded. "Thou . . . ?" she said.

"Yea, Annadoah, I have brought thee food," Ootah said. It was his last.

"I hunger," she breathed. "It is very cold . . . I was in the south . . . where the sun is warm . . . it is very cold here."

Eagerly he pressed her hands. She drifted again into a stupor and for a long while was silent. Ootah's warm panting breath finally brought blood to her cheeks.

"Thou art so big . . . and strong . . . " she smiled again. "Thy arms hurt me . . . as the embrace of *nannook* (the bear)." Her smile deepened. Her breath came more quickly. "Oh, oh, it is pleasant . . . here . . . in . . . the south."

"Annadoah!" Ootah's wail of hurt recalled her.

Her eyes sought the igloo wonderingly.

"Thou?" she repeated dully. "Yea, it is cold here. I am hungry . . . Are there not *ahmingmah* in the mountains, Ootah? Didst thou not tell me there were *ahmingmah* in the mountains . . . why do not the men of the tribe bring the musk oxen from the mountains?"

With a sudden start Ootah remembered having told Annadoah of the herd he had found in the inland valley—it was strange, he thought, he had not remembered this before. And it was stranger still that she should remind him. But the improbability of ever reaching the game, the obvious impossibility of such a journey at this time of winter, had prevented any such suggestion.

"Many musk oxen are there in the mountains," he said, soothing her hands. She drew them away. "And art thou hungry?"

"I am hungry," she replied faintly.

After he had given her the last bit of meat he left her igloo. Above him the stars burned, the air was clear and still. Not a thing moved, not a sound was heard—the earth was gripped in that unrelenting spell of wintry silence. Above the imprisoned sea the January moon was rising and for ten sleeps—ten twenty-four-hour days—it would circle about the horizon of the entire sky. Already the sky above the sea was bright as a frosted globe of glass, and pearly fingers of light were stealing upward over the interior mountains.

"She is hungry," Ootah repeated over and over again. "And the tribe starves . . . and there may be *ahmingmah* in the mountains." Behind him they loomed gigantic and precipitous. That such a journey meant almost certain death he knew; but that did not deter him in the resolve to essay a feat no native had ever dared in many hundreds of years.

The face of Sipsu, the *angakoq,* as I have said, resembled dried and wrinkled leather. He had been an old man when the eldest of the tribe were children. He had seen hard times, he had suffered from starvation during many winters; yet never had the lashes of *ookiah* struck so blastingly upon the tribe. Yea, they had even lost their fear of the *tornarssuit* and no longer brought propitiatory offerings of blubber to him. Yet being wise with age, early in the summer he had buried sufficient supplies be-

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neath the floor of his house to keep him from starving. He scowled maliciously as he heard someone creeping through the underground entrance of his igloo. Presently the cadaverous face of Maisanguaq appeared.

The interior was heavy with the stench of oil. The room hung with soot from the lamp. A thin spiral thread of black smoke rose from the taper. In the dim light the leering face of Sipsu appeared like the face of the great demon himself. His small half-closed eyes blazed through their slits.

"The spirits are wrathful. The tribe is forgetful. What wilt thou have?"

Maisanguaq, with unconcealed hesitation, placed a bit of blubber before the magician. "The last I have," he mumbled. Sipsu seized it avidly.

"Ootah goes to the mountains," Maisanguaq said, panting for breath.

The old man sneered bitterly:

"He cannot brave the spirits. No man can live in the mountains. The breath of the spirits is death."

"Yea, he goes. He says that he knows where the *ahmingmah* abound. The air is still; the moon rises for ten sleeps. By then, so he saith, he can return with meat."

"No man hath ever ventured there. The shadow of *Perdlugssuaq* is very dark."

"Yea, may he smite Ootah!" exclaimed Maisanguaq.

Sipsu laughed harshly.

"Couldst thou cause the hill spirits to strike?" Maisanguaq asked eagerly.

Sipsu faced Maisanguaq fiercely.

"In my youth I went unto the mountains and I heard the hill spirits sing. Thereupon I became a great magician. They spoke to me; I was silent; thereafter, when I called they answered. What wouldst thou?"

Maisanguaq indicated the blubber.

"I would thou call them now; that they release the glaciers, that Ootah may be carried to his death. I hate Ootah, I would that he die." He shook his fist.

Sipsu's body quivered from head to foot.

"Ootah hath never consulted my familiar spirits," he rejoined bitterly. "He despiseth them."

Rising from his sitting posture Sipsu seized his drum and began moving his body. He groaned with extreme pain. By degrees his dance increased. He improvised a monotonous spirit song. His face grimaced demoniacally. As his conjuration approached the climax, his voice rose to a series of shrieks. He shuddered violently; he seemed to suffer agonies in his limbs. Finally he fell to the floor in a writhing paroxysm.

"Pst!" Maisanguaq's eyes lighted.

Outside he heard the sharp barking of dogs. *"Huk! Huk!"* Ootah's voice called. Others joined in the clamor. The entire tribe seemed to wake as from a sleep of the dead.

"He starts for the mountains," said Maisanguaq. "Thinkest thou the spirits will strike?"

Sipsu opened his eyes—and glared wildly at Maisanguaq.

"Speak," Maisanguaq demanded. "Hast thou not the power?"

"Did I not once go to the bottom of the sea to *Nerrvik,* she who rules over the sea creatures? Hath she not only one hand, and is she not

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powerless to plait her hair? Doth she not obey me? For did I not plait her hair? Did I not carry wood for weapons to the spirits of the mountains? And have they not answered for a thousand moons?"

"Yet there is doubt in thy voice, Sipsu!"

"Yea, to be truthful with thee, Maisanguaq, there is dispute among the spirits. I cannot determine what they say." He bent his head as if listening. Then he asked:

"Doth Ootah not go that Annadoah may have food?"

Maisanguaq nodded assent.

"And the tribe?"

Maisanguaq again nodded.

As though he suddenly heard some terrifying converse among his familiars the necromancer's face blanched. He struggled to his feet.

"Take thy food," he flung the blubber to Maisanguaq. "I dare not take thy gift. I am afraid."

Maisanguaq sprang at the old man. "Revoke not thy curse," he breathed, his fingers sinking into the *angakoq's* throat. "Will the hill spirits strike?"

"Yea," the old man gasped, "but they say——"

Maisanguaq's fingers loosened. "What?" he demanded.

"That there is . . . some other power . . . which is very strange—which——"

"Yea, yea——"

"Protecteth Ootah . . . It concerneth . . . Annadoah. I do not wish thy gift. I fear the spirits. The magic of Ootah—what it is . . . I cannot tell thee . . . But the spirits say . . . it . . . concerneth . . . Annadoah. And against it none of the *tornarssuit* can prevail." Maisanguaq threw the old man fiercely to the floor and, disgusted, left the igloo.

Outside the entire tribe, with the exception of those dying of hunger, had gathered in groups. Ootah lifted his whip. His team of eight lean dogs howled.

"*Tugto! Tugto!*" he called. The dogs leaped into the air—his sled shot forward.

In his desperate adventure Ootah was joined by one of the younger members of the tribe, Koolotah by name, a lad barely eighteen years of age. All the others had hung back. Koolotah's mother was dying; a desperate desire to save her stirred in his heart as he lifted his whip in the signal to start. The tribe cheered.

"*Huk! Huk!*" he shouted, and his lean dogs followed Ootah's team.

"*Au-oo-au-oo!*" called the natives.

"*Auoo-auoo!*" the voices of Ootah and Koolotah returned.

Over the snow-covered stretch of level shoreland the moon poured a flood of silver incandescence. In this magical light the forms of Ootah and his companion were magnified into the likeness of those of the giants that the old men said once lived in the highlands. Their dogs were distended into creatures of the size of musk oxen. Their whips exploded as they dashed past the straggling line of snow and stone houses; the snow crisply cracked and splintered under their feet.

Then the village disappeared behind them. The voices of their tribesmen trailed shudderingly into silence.

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The assembled tribe watched the teams diminishing in the distance. Presently someone whispered a terrible thing among them.

"Sipsu hath cursed Ootah."

A low ominous murmur passed from lip to lip of the gathered men and women. In the distance a black speck in the moonlight marked the departing hunters.

"Yea, he hath called upon the spirit of the mountains to destroy Ootah."

A low groan followed this.

"Methinks he hath prophesied too many deaths," said Arnaluk.

"He hath declared that Koolotah's mother will die."

"And Koolotah—did he not say two moons ago that Koolotah would depart on a long journey from which he should never return?"

"And the wife of Kyutah—did she not perish after his evil prophecy? And Piuaitsoq—did not the spirit of the skin tents strike him when he lay asleep? And did not yon evil wretch tell of it long before?"

A dozen voices angrily rose in assent.

"Verily he hath found hatred in his heart for Ootah. For Ootah hath had no need of his powers. Did not Ootah's mother sew into his cap the skin from the roof of a bear's mouth? And hath he not become as strong as the bear? Did not his father place in his *ahitee* the feet of a hawk—and have not his own feet the swiftness of the wings of a bird? And doth not Sipsu hate him for his strength? Yea, as he hateth all who find joy in their shadow."

Their voices rose threateningly. Maisanguaq, chagrined and bitter at the old man, leered evilly among the crowd.

"Hath he not lived too long?" he whispered softly. And the others suddenly shouted:

"Let Sipsu die!"

In a wild rush they bore down upon the *angakoq's* igloo. Screaming with rage they kicked in the sides. The icy dome shattered about the startled old man. They leaped upon him as hungry dogs upon a dying bear. A dozen hands ferociously gripped his throat. They moved to and fro in a mad struggle over the uneven ice. They seized hold of one another in the blood-thirsty desire to lay their hands upon the old man. He made no struggle. Finally all drew away. Amid the wreck of his igloo Sipsu lay, motionless, his face sneering evilly in the moonlight.

They secured a rope of leather lashings and placed a noose about the old man's neck. Then they dragged his body from the wrecked igloo. Weak from lack of food, they still forced themselves to dig up the frozen snow at a spot where they knew there were stones, for according to their belief they had to bury the old man—otherwise, his spirit would haunt them. To this spot they brought the rotted skins of his bed, and on them placed the body, careful lest they touch it. By the body they placed the old man's lamp, stone dishes, membrane-drum and instruments of incantation. Over the corpse they piled the ice encrusted stones, and over these in turn weighty masses of frozen snow. Then they turned in silence and entered their respective shelters. Thenceforth, until a child should be born to whom it could be given, the name of Sipsu might not pass their lips.

[*To be continued*]

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EDITORIAL NOTES

Woodrow Wilson

SO Woodrow Wilson is to be our next President. He deserves the honor, and will make full use of the opportunity. It is not an easy task which is waiting for him; but the nation should be the richer for his services—richer not only in material ways, but in that sense of fitness in public life in which, during these latter days, we have been painfully deficient.

The results of the election were in exact accordance with probabilities, and could have been anticipated more accurately than was generally done. But it is always difficult to expect the obvious. There was no landslide, in spite of the enormous plurality. There was no overwhelming sweeping of the country. The voting followed normal party lines, with few exceptions: but on the one side was a united party, polling the full strength of its supporters; on the other was a divided camp, each section strong enough to destroy the other, but neither strong enough to stand alone—though both together would have been irresistible.

A common sense, unspectacular election, in spite of the preliminary fireworks; an election which augurs well for the future. For it was no small thing, as a beginning, that Woodrow Wilson held his party together so firmly. The dissensions at Baltimore might well have preluded defection and disorder, and the great opportunity of the Democrats have been frittered away. The Democratic nominee showed a statesmanlike ability to do and to say the right thing, that assured for him the control of his party and the general approval of the nation, apart from individual preferences or prejudices.

Not for a long time has a party leader conveyed such a deep impression of strength, dignity and insight. He accepts the responsibilities before him in a high spirit—the right spirit; unashamed of sincerity; incapable of paltriness or spleen; confident, but not boastful.

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He is pledged to a programme of reform that will demand statesmanship of a high order. He may make mistakes. But, if there is any value in tradition, training, character and resolution, he will go to the White House with a splendid equipment and a splendid prospect. He does not share the popular cowardice of being afraid to touch the devil for fear the devil may move. There should be a good deal of moving during the next Administration. But, at whatever cost, Mr. Wilson will do well to start his reforms by refusing to countenance any indecent scrambling for the spoils of office. The further the principle of security of tenure in public offices is extended—subject to effective service—the better for the business and the government of the nation.

Mr. Sherman

THE late Vice-President had a genial personality and a large number of friends; but he cannot be ranked with those who have done things worth while in public life. He belonged to the old order and preserved the old ideas—that men could not be expected to go into politics "for their health," but for what they could get out of it. The Republican party is not the only one which has associations with "business politics"; but it deserves the lesson it has received, and will perhaps profit by it—though that lesson was administered somewhat fortuitously. It will do well in the future to choose leaders who can command the respect of the country, even if they lack the personal charm and bonhomie of those who are skilful in the art of influencing others because they are experts in the theory and practice of self-interest.

The Becker Case

THE first stage of the Becker case has been carried swiftly and decently to its conclusion. It is to be hoped that there will be no procrastination in subsequent developments, but that the whole sordid matter will be brought to an end at an early date.

The attitude of the Mayor of New York continues to be childishly querulous; but underneath this pretence may be seen

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the skilful strategy of a clever fighter making the best of a very bad situation. Attack is usually the best method of defence, and the Mayor has consistently attacked everyone who presumed to point out that the administration of the city and of the police department has been shown conclusively to be defective—grossly and inexcusably defective. It seems absurd that a public official should imagine that he can confuse the issue by such insincere diatribes. Mr. Gaynor's impression of the intelligence of his fellow-citizens is evidently not very high. His talk of being pressed to throw Commissioner Waldo "to the wolves" is both puerile and insulting. On what principle does the Mayor class as "wolves" those who believe in decency in public administration and insist that gross incapacity should be followed by removal from office? There are plenty of men, in the police department and out of it, who believe in decency, and can enforce it. Commissioner Waldo believes in decency; but it would seem rather obvious that he has failed to enforce it. If he has profited by his lesson, and is introducing more stringent methods of organization and supervision, the public will be content to wait for results. But they will not be content with more results of the Becker type, or with a policy which makes such results possible.

Votes for Women

THE results of the recent election were decidedly encouraging, and the suffragist cause moved steadily forward. It is evident that constitutional agitation, aggressive and continuous, but neither crude nor intolerant, can win results without arousing ill-feeling and stupid antagonism. It is a pity that the leaders of the movement in England will not learn a little of the lesson of moderation. They have had much to contend with, and much inducement to employ tactics that would insist upon attention. But they have forgotten that the indifference and opposition that they have met with were based on the accepted beliefs of centuries, and could not reasonably be overcome in a decade or two. Impatient, though sincere, they have done grave harm to their cause; for they have done their best to identify

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the suffragists with the Carrie Nation type of reformer. Breaking windows is not an argument. It is a confession of poverty of resource. The hunger-strike shows courage and self-sacrifice: but it is a deliberate attempt to coerce the authorities by an appeal to the weakness of women, at the very time when women are insisting that this assumed weakness is in no way a legitimate factor in political life. Yet they have said, in effect, "I am a woman: take the odium of allowing me to kill myself, if you dare." This is neither politics nor common sense. It is coercion; the coercion of sheer weakness, the very negation of the whole position supposed to be assumed by the suffragists. However, wiser counsels will prevail. The mistakes of the past need not be repeated.

In this country, the conditions have been different; but the temperament of the women would seem to have been different also, and they have kept the movement on a higher plane. In consequence, they are winning steadily; and in a few years all the States will have come into line, and women will enjoy their natural rights as a matter of course. But wherever the appeal to force is made, it is there shown clearly that development is imperfect, and that the whole position is misunderstood. It is not because woman can parallel the stupidities, ignorance and prejudices of man, that she should establish her equality of citizenship with him; but because she can rank with him, and outrank him, at his best, when he has discarded the old implicit faith in brute force and possession and is looking to a changed order, not only in political life, but in the whole outlook, ideals and activity of civilization.

The Balkan Surprise

THE hand of Europe has been forced at last. The long and pitiful spectacle of the Great Powers juggling with the Turkish Empire, not for the sake of friendship or justice, but because of irreconcilable self-interest, greed and jealousy, is drawing to a close. Diplomacy will not readily surrender its favorite toy; several chancelleries will miss their popular pastime of prop-

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ping up the Sultan in order to preserve the sacred Balance of Power. But the Balkan states have sprung their surprise. They have shown that they can make their preparations without making them too public. They declared war without consulting the Concert of Europe. They have carried on the campaign with extraordinary forthrightness and resolution. They may consider it natural that they should dictate their own terms of peace. It will be difficult for the Powers to attempt to coerce them, with Austria already measuring her personal chances, and Russia not yet convinced that the speculative gaze of centuries toward Constantinople is to be diverted by any Bulgarian episode.

It is too soon at present to talk of the ultimate outcome. The undercurrents are not always indicated on the surface; and the Triple Alliance, the Triple Entente and the Balkan Federation will not swim comfortably together. Nothing resulted from the Holy War proclaimed by the Sheikh-ul-Islam, as a final effort to infuse new life into a lost cause and new courage into a demoralized army. There remains, as a remote possibility, the vague menace that has long been held in reserve—the summons to the whole Mohammedan world to rally round the Flag of the Prophet. But even in this extreme case, there is grave doubt whether Islam would feel constrained or content to respond. The Sultan's loss of prestige through the Italian War and the Bulgarian triumphs would mitigate enthusiasm, while the traditions of the Khalifate have not been strengthened by the Young Turk *régime* and the unsuccessful experiments in Western methods. The decadence of the Turks in Europe has been continuous. They have not profited by the veneer of occidentalism, while they have surrendered, in large degree, both the fanaticism of the Orient and the strength that was rooted in fanaticism.

The Bulgarian Victories

THE Bulgarian victories have been swift and overwhelming; and full credit must be given to those responsible for the preparations and their successful issue. Yet it has not been the unexpected power of the allies, but the expected weakness of the

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Turks, which has made the campaign apparently so one-sided. An army without provisions, ammunition and officers is not a formidable fighting machine; and even the courage habitually associated with Turkish troops could not bring victory to men ill-fed, ill-clad, imperfectly trained, imperfectly organized, and with hopelessly inadequate ammunition. It is the old story of bureaucratic failure—whether through corruption or financial helplessness remains to be proved; but a shrewd guess can be hazarded.

The war has provided few lessons that will be useful to the great armies of Europe. Something may be gathered from the strategy of the Bulgarian generals; but the campaign for the greater part has been on the plan of twenty years ago, with a good deal of close-range fighting, and an artillery made invincible through the uselessness of the opposing arm.

Lord Houghton as a Prophet

THAT the Turkish crisis is not a new crisis, that the problem to be solved to-day was debated long ago, is sufficiently well known. The Sick Man of Europe has been in the doctors' hands for more than one generation, with collapse always imminent. One of Lord Houghton's Eastern poems, *The Turk at Constantinople to the Frank,* written more than fifty years ago, brings the past very close to the present and presents a picture that may soon be completed and hung in the Salon of History. A Turk of the old school is considering the possible banishment of his people from Europe, reviewing their early deeds and ideals, and proclaiming the destiny to come.

"When first the Prophet's standard rested on
The land that once was Greece and still was Rome,
We deemed that his and our dominion
Was there as sure as in our Eastern home;
We never thought a single hour to pause
Till the wide West had owned Mohammed's laws.

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How could we doubt it? To one desert tribe
The truth revealed by one plain-seeming man
Cut off the cavil, thundered down the gibe,
And formed a nation to its lofty plan:
What barrier could its waves of victory stem?
Not thy religious walls, Jerusalem!

Thus did we justify the Faith by works,
And the bright Crescent haunted Europe's eye,
Till many a Pope believed the demon Turks
Would scour the Vatican ere he could die:
Why was our arm of conquest shortened? Why?
Ask Him whose will is o'er us, like the sky.

The dome to heavenly wisdom consecrate
Still echoes with the Muslim's fervent prayers;
The just successor of the Khalifate
Still on his brow the sign of empire wears:
We hold our wealth without reserve or fear;
And yet we know we are but tented here.

Millions of Christians bend beneath our rule,
And yet these realms are neither theirs nor ours;
Sultan and subject are alike the tool
Of Europe's ready guile or banded powers:
Against the lords of continent and sea
What can one nation do, one people be?"

And the end is foreseen—the return to Asia, "back to the glories of the Khalifate."

"Therefore, regardless of the moment's shame,
Of wives' disdain and children's thoughtless woe,
Of Christian triumph o'er the Prophet's name,
Of Russia's smile beneath her mask of snow:
Let us return to Asia's fair domain,
Let us in truth possess the East again!

Let us return! across the fatal strait
Our fathers' shadows welcome us once more;
Back to the glories of the Khalifate,
Back to the Faith we loved, the dress we wore,
When in one age the world could well contain
Haroun Al-Rashid and your Charlemagne!"

Is that pilgrimage across the Strait now imminent?

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Sex-Antagonism

THE fact that even progressive women are not yet fully emancipated from the effect of their long subjection to men is shown in the bitter sex-antagonism expressed by some of the leaders of the crusade against the traffic in womanhood. There is a growing sex-solidarity among women which can no longer tolerate the monstrous horror which casts its shadow over marriage and the home. This sex-solidarity of women is the great new asset of human fellowship, and is destined to work miracles in socializing our still crude democracy. Men have had their groups and fraternities and guilds, and have thrived socially within these bonds of allegiance to, at least, a partial brotherhood. Women have lacked such discipline in "team work"; having, until recently, been held strictly to their household sympathies. Even now, when women have entered the professions and higher occupations, they are not made entirely free of the guild-comradeship of the guilds they enter. Perhaps this is in part owing to the fact that the time for most vital companionship in these ancestral groups of thought and of service seems past even for men. Each partial fellowship, however prized or even revered, is becoming socialized; and the call is now for a world-fraternity in a universal order of common service. But women are not yet, and never may be, full sharers in the guilds and fraternities that have played such a part in the world-leadership of men. Instead, there is rapidly growing a guild of all womankind, a sisterhood of the mother-sex, a free-masonry of the feminine. This is making the trade union movement among women not a class grouping, but rather a mingling of rich and poor, wise and ignorant, strong and weak women, for the benefit of the woman wage-earner. This sex-solidarity, crude and unlovely in some of its expressions, silly and sentimental in others, is yet binding women in a conscious loyalty of each to all and all to each which is giving even small-natured women a new sense of honor and a new power of co-operative action. Already a mighty bridge is being built to span the chasm between the "good" woman and the prostitute, and to hold in one common

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outreach of sympathy the woman of the home and the woman of the street. Yet here, inevitably, arises sex-antagonism of a new sort. Pure and noble women, stung to the quick by the new and near view of the enormities of the social evil, often abhor the coarser manhood which consents to this abomination and makes fast the link between greed and lust on the one side, and weakness, ignorance, even innocence and helplessness, on the other. When they have outgrown the passionate revolt of a new experience, these women will see more justly how many-sided conditions have bound men and women alike in evil chains which only men and women together can break.

Mr. Hardy's Strictures

MR. THOMAS HARDY recently lamented the corruption of modern English prose, expressing his belief that "the vast increase of hurried descriptive reporting in the newspapers is largely responsible." He added—he was addressing the Royal Society of Literature—"An appreciation of what is real literature, and efforts to keep real literature alive, have, in truth, become imperative, if the taste for it is not to be entirely lost, and, with the loss of that taste, its longer life in the English language. While millions have been learning to read, few of them have been learning to discriminate; and the result is an appalling increase in slipshod writing that would not have been tolerated for one moment a hundred years ago."

Mr. Hardy has some justification for his views; yet he has touched the subject only superficially. No fair comparison can be drawn between the enormous output of the present and the more leisurely and restricted product of a century ago. The conditions have changed. The greater part of the contents of the daily press is necessarily ephemeral, yet there is a large amount of able journalistic work, while writing of real and permanent value is far indeed from being rare. It is true that in the writing up of more or less sensational "stories," or even in the presentation of simple news, there is a growing tendency toward "cheapness" and slanginess: witness the atrocious word "cop," which has apparently found a sure refuge in many of

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our papers. But this tendency is not unduly discouraging, providing it be noticed and checked. It probably marks the influx into journalism of a large class whose education is more elementary than was formerly the case. But this new body, responding to the new vast demand, will not remain stagnant and unprogressive. At present it is more concerned with ideas than with expression. But the standard is gradually being raised, as experience calls out what is best in each man, and the third-rate and second-rate is discarded for the best that is possible. Yet there is need for more definite action on the part of those who are able to influence the "tone" of the press, if American journalism is to be freed from the sometimes captious but not wholly undeserved reproofs of its European critics.

Passion in Parliament

THE scenes of disorder recently enacted in the British House of Commons do not support the contention of the anti-suffragists that men, and men alone, are peculiarly fitted to deal decorously with political problems. To the unbiased mind, there would seem no striking difference between the hurling of a large book at a Minister, by an irate masculine legislator; and the throwing of a stone through a window by a suffragist, in order to draw attention to what she considered obvious rights, unjustly ignored.

The claim of the Unionists that a snap division, admittedly not representing the strength of the Government or the feeling of the country, should nevertheless be taken as irrevocable, is dictated by partisan feeling and supported by a false view of parliamentary principles. The fate of a country cannot be decided by the accident of a moment, though the Administration will deservedly lose prestige for the carelessness which made such a contretemps possible.

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